

# The Sketch

No. 1026,—Vol. LXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1912.

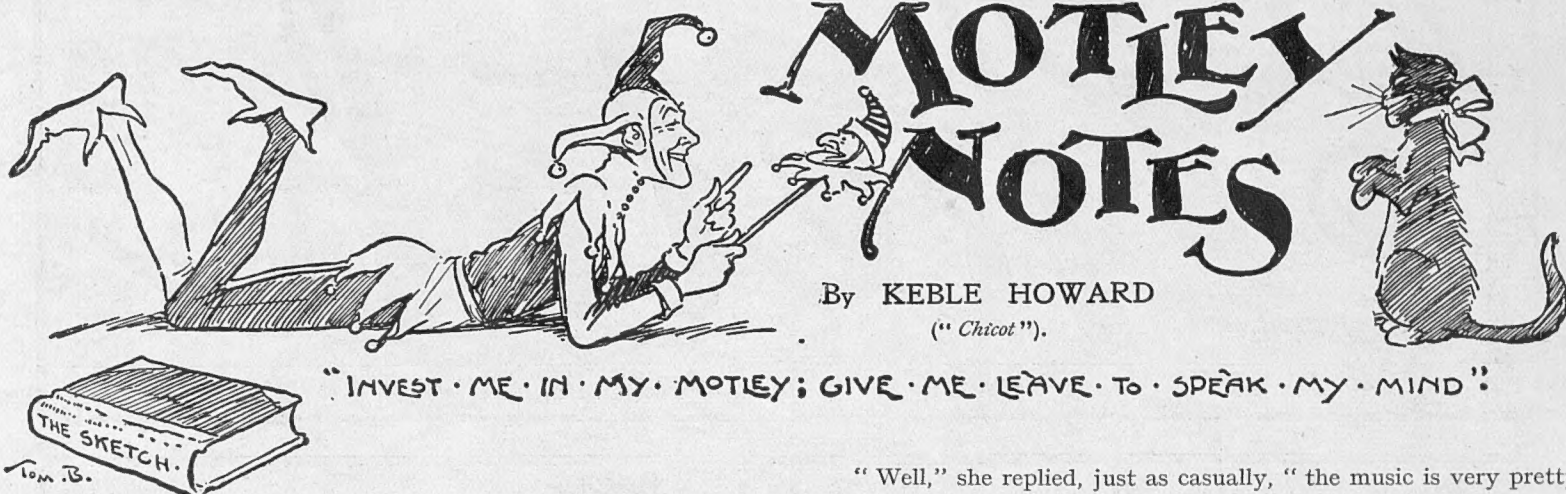
SIXPENCE.



ENGAGED TO "B.P.": MISS OLAVE SOAMES, WHO IS TO MARRY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL  
SIR R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL.

Much interest was aroused, especially among the Boy Scouts, by the announcement that their Chief, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, was engaged to be married. His fiancée is Miss Olave Soames, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Soames, of Gray Rigg, Lilliput, Dorset. Miss Soames is twenty-three, and, curiously enough, her birthday occurs on the same date as that of Sir Robert, she having been born on Feb. 22, 1889, and he on Feb. 22, 1857. She is an accomplished musician and a skilful horsewoman. Her only sister married last year Mr. Robert Davidson, of Montacute, Somerset, and she has one brother, Mr. Arthur Soames, who is in the Coldstream Guards. Recently Sir Robert said that the wedding would take place about Christmas. "I shall never leave the Scouts," he added, "though 'Cupid has pierced the heart of their Chief.'"

*Photograph by Rita Martin.*



Tom B.  
It is announced that Mr. George Edwardes will, for the future, insert a clause in his theatrical contracts whereby the ladies of the company may be prevented from deserting the theatre to get married during the run of the play for which they have been engaged. Hence—

### OUTWITTING THE GUV.

A NOVEL.

#### CHAPTER I.

ACROSS THE RED-SHADED TABLE.

"It seems scarcely possible," said Lord Herbert, fumbling foolishly with his bread, and making so many little pellets that the waiter had to sweep them away every five minutes and complained to his pals that it was 'ardly worth it, and he should give notice in the morning. "It seems scarcely possible that we met this evening for the first time!"

"All the same," returned Elfrida McTavish of Tavish, the colour coming and going—though more came than went—in her beautiful cheeks as she sipped rather feverishly at the highest-priced champagne on the list, "all the same, old sport, it's true enough."

"I feel as though," continued the impassioned youth, never for an instant taking his elbow out of the salt, "in some far-distant æon, we had wandered, hand-in-hand, through a forest glade, flecked, here and there, with the slanting rays of the westering sun!"

"Chase me!" giggled Elfrida.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE BARRIER.

"You must, you shall marry me!" panted Lord Herbert.

"Don't be silly!" retorted Elfrida. "And do for goodness' sake get off my skirt!"

"I'm sorry! I will buy you another skirt! I will buy you all the skirts in London and Paris—if there are any left! But I will not leave you until you name the day!"

"Don't be a fat-head!" pleaded Elfrida, pouting prettily. "You know I can't do that, ducky!"

"Why not? You'll drive me mad! Why, why, why not?"

"Bless the man! I've told him till I'm sick that I can't get married as long as the piece is on! It's in me contract!"

"Destroy your contract! I'll pay the damages! My dear old father's money will never have been put to a better use!"

"What? Tear up my contract with the guv.? You must be barmy!"

"Do you fear him? Or is it some strange spell that this man has cast over you, causing you thus to throw away all that life holds of the best and sweetest?"

"I don't know about the sweetest, but, when I'm a Star, the guv.'ll pay me a couple o' hundred of the best! Tear up my contract? Never!"

Lord Herbert groaned, as well he might. Poor lad! Blind with love, mad with love, insensate with love, pale with love, thin with love, hungry with love, thirsty with love, foolish with love, babbling with love, he was very fond of Elfrida.

A black thought took possession of his brain. What cared the guv. for him? Not a snap of the fingers! Very well! Let the guv. look to himself!

"What," he asked casually, "makes the piece such a success?"

Elfrida shot a glance at his drawn face from beneath her lowered lids. The boy was no match for her in craft, in guile, in cunning. In an instant, from the very detachment of his manner, from the trembling lips, from the shaking hand, from the hoarse voice, she had detected a change in him. *Bertie was up to something!* . . . Yes! But what?

"Well," she replied, just as casually, "the music is very pretty, and the dresses are nice, and the comedians are not bad, and the theatre's popular, and my line in the second act goes well. But if you really ask me, candidly, what makes the play go with the public, I tell you right out, it's Lottie Jay! There! I'm not a mean girl, and she's as jealous of me as she can be, but I give credit where credit's due!"

"And you really think," said the boy, drawing his breath in huge hunks at rare intervals, "that the play would fail if she were not acting?"

"That's about the size of it."

Lord Herbert was strangely abstracted as he left Desborough Mansions. He even went out into the street wearing the liftman's hat.

#### CHAPTER III.

A JOB FOR MICK MULLIGAN.

The scene changes to an underground cellar in the lowest part of London. A stranger, entering that foul and noisome den, would have said that no living thing could exist there for a single day. There was neither light nor air. The walls swarmed with creeping things innumerable, and the ceiling was thick with slime and ooze that found its way through the crazy and disjointed rafters from the river above.

"This way!" growled a harsh voice.

A splutter of light, accompanying the words, served to reveal the hideous abode in all its pestilential horror. Lord Herbert shuddered as his glance roved around the future lodgings, for many weeks, of Lottie Jay. What had the poor child done that she should be taken from the lights and the laughter above, from the adoration that she had won by her cleverness and beauty, and imprisoned in this reeking cell? Faugh! No matter! She stood between him and his Love! *There was no other way!*

"Well?" rasped Mick Mulligan, with a laugh that jarred and grated even in that pit of destruction. "Will this pretty cage suit the little song-bird? Eh?"

"Admirably," replied Lord Herbert, steadying himself with a superhuman effort. "Here is half the price agreed upon. The rest will be yours when—you understand?"

#### CHAPTER IV.

RETRIBUTION.

London was at its maddest and merriest. The restaurants were pouring out their crowds of well-fed, well-wined patrons to fill the stalls and the boxes of the theatres and the music-halls. Lights blazed! Cars and cabs surged and jostled!

Suddenly a shrill cry rose above the roar of the traffic—

#### "STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF A HACTRESS!"

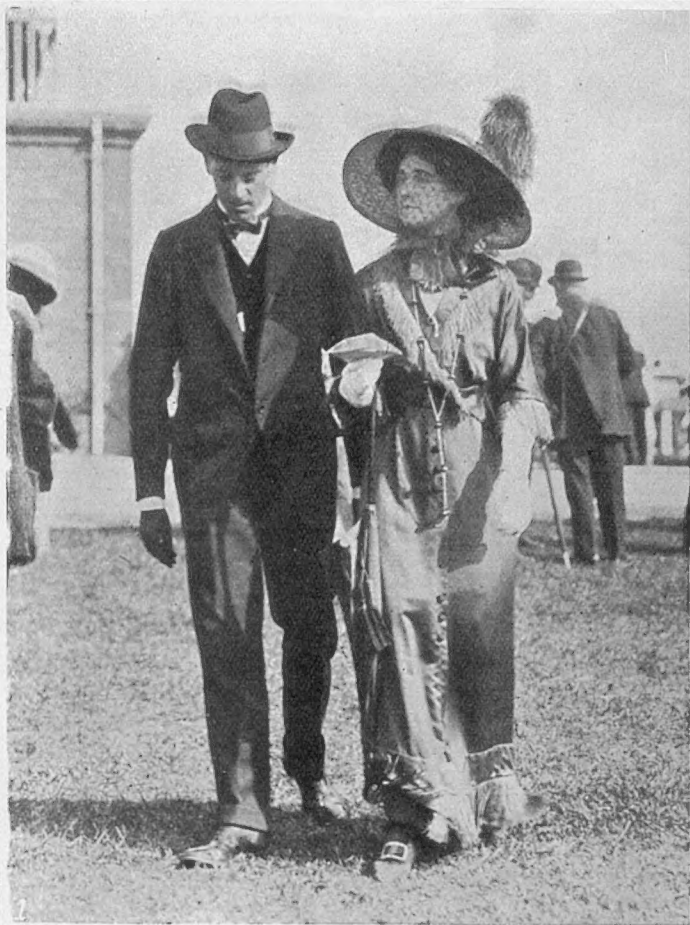
A score of voices took up the cry! Papers sold like wildfire! Who was it? What did it mean? Ill news flies apace! In less time than it takes to write these lines, all London knew that Miss Lottie Jay, the idol of musical comedy, had been kidnapped by a band of ruffians in broad daylight, thrust into a taxi., and whirled away in the direction of Wapping Old Stairs!

Lord Herbert, deathly white, but with a curious glitter in his eyes, sat in a box and waited for the curtain to rise. . . . Now it was time for the entrance of the leading lady! Ha! ha! She would never play in that play again! He had outwitted the guv.! The piece must come off! He would win and wed his beloved! . . .

Stay! What was this? Could it be true? Could he believe his eyes? No! Yes! No! Yes! No! Yes! Yes! Yes! *It was Elfrida in Lottie's part!* . . .

The audience roared its delight. With one awful cry of despair, Lord Herbert flung himself into the orchestra.

## AYR RACES WITHOUT AEROPLANES: SOCIETY WATCHES FLIERS.



1. SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE MARQUESS OF SLIGO:  
LORD AND LADY ALFRED BROWNE.

3. A HEREDITARY BEARER OF THE GOLDEN SPURS: THE EARL  
OF LOUDOUN, AND THE COUNTESS.

2. THE DUKE OF MONTROSE AND MRS. OSWALD  
OF AUCHINCRAIVE.

4. THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE  
(AT THE BACK).

Lord Alfred Browne is the youngest son of the Marquess of Sligo. He was formerly a Captain and Adjutant in the Royal Field Artillery, and Captain in the Reserve of Officers. In 1908 he married Miss Cicely Wormald, daughter of Mr. Edward Wormald, of Berkeley Square.—The Duke of Montrose succeeded to the title as the fifth Duke in 1874, when he was twenty-two. He was formerly Colonel of the 3rd Battalion Princess Louise's (Argyll and Sutherland) Highlanders, and commanded his regiment in South Africa in 1902.—Mrs. Oswald, who married Mr. Richard Oswald of Auchincruive in 1868, was Miss Maud Smith-Barry, daughter of the late Mr. J. H. Smith-Barry, of Marbury Hall, Cheshire.—The Earl of Loudoun, the eleventh of his line, succeeded in 1874. In 1880 he married the Hon. Alice Mary Elizabeth Fitzalan-Howard, daughter of the first Baron Howard of Glossop.—Lord Hardwicke succeeded to the peerage as eighth Earl in 1909, and last year married Miss Nellie Russell, daughter of the late Mr. James Russell, of Auckland, New Zealand. The above photographs were taken during the recent race-meeting at Ayr.—[Photographs by Topical.]

"LATE FALL FIXINGS"! WEAPONS FOR THE MODERN EVE.



FINE FEATHERS FOR FAIR LADIES: THE HEAD-DRESS IN ITS NEWEST FORMS.

At the time of the first Fall woman was content with the simplest of fashions and had no choice. At each Fall now—we refer, of course, simply to autumn—as at each other season, she is content only with the best and the most decorative, and there are many wares to tempt her. Hence the production, for example, of such charming and elaborate head-dresses as those here illustrated, all of which, save Nos. 2 and 4, come from the famous Maison Lewis, and are worn at Drury Lane in "Everywoman."

*Photographs by L.N.A. and Underwood and Underwood.*

## A PRESERVATIVE EQUAL TO SHRIMPS AND RAW EGGS? THE VEIL.



## DOES IT AID OR MAR BEAUTY? THE VEIL OF INTRICATE DESIGN.

It was recently reported that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt had attributed the wonderful preservation of her looks partly to a diet of shrimps and raw eggs, but this soft impeachment she has denied. Nevertheless the rumour has raised the question as to the value of different articles of food as beauty-preservatives. Another moot point connected with that subject is the question whether veils of intricate and pronounced design tend to enhance or to mar the appearance of the wearer. In some cases, perhaps, they rather spoil the effect, but in the present instance no such objection can be urged. The decorative veil only heightens the loveliness within.—[Photograph by Schneider.]

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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

OF the merits of "The Great John Ganton" as a play there is  
no temptation to speak at great length. We have become  
so familiar with the strong, firm man of business that we  
require a little freshness in the treatment of him before it is possible  
to become enthusiastic. It is true that in the present case the treat-  
ment of him is a little unusual, for his firmness does not much exceed  
that of the jellyfish; but it is unusual in a purely melodramatic  
way, and results in a conventional story of a father who resists his  
son's marriage for inadequate reasons till the last act, and then  
surrenders to the inevitable. So this play is but one more instance  
of how melodrama masquerades in America as comedy or drama.  
But for John himself, as played by Mr. George Fawcett, there will  
be nothing but admiration. The old fellow is a fascinating study  
of a kindly and completely unscrupulous American "boss"; and  
Mr. Fawcett is an actor with an arresting personality, a very genial  
humour, and the power of expressing a real emotion. There are  
other useful pieces of acting—by Mr. Eric Maturin, for instance, and  
by Mr. Earle Browne and Miss Laura Cowie; but it is Mr. George  
Fawcett's play, and by him it will probably be led to a great success.

"Ann" has been transferred to the Court Theatre, and will, no  
doubt, continue to flourish there. It is true that much of its success  
in the past has been due to the acting of the part of the very lively  
heroine, and the actress—Miss Mary Dandridge—who now plays  
the part has hardly the overwhelming personality which enables  
one to overlook the things in the farce which are difficult to overlook;  
but she plays brightly, and the rest of the company—in which Miss  
Fay Davis and Mr. Holman Clark are conspicuous—do full justice  
to Mr. Lechmere Worrall's work.

## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

<p>GEORGE ALLEN. <b>Esau and the Beacon.</b> Kenneth Weeks. 5s. net. <b>The Origin and Evolution of Primitive Man.</b> Dr. Albert Churchward. 5s. net.</p> <p>SIMPKIN MARSHALL <b>That Reminds Me.</b> 2s. 6d. net.</p> <p>MILLS AND BOON. <b>The Palace of Logs.</b> Robert Barr. 6s. <b>Rambles in Florence.</b> G. E. Troutbeck. 6s.</p> <p>LONG. <b>Lords and Ladies of the Italian Lakes.</b> Edgumbe Staley. 12s. 6d. net. <b>Sensations of Paris.</b> Rowland Strong. 10s. 6d. net. <b>The Two Rivers.</b> Ernest E. Briggs. 6s. <b>The Gate-Openers.</b> K. S. Montgomery. 6s. <b>The Viceroy of Ireland.</b> Charles O'Mahoney. 16s. net. <b>Through Dante's Land.</b> Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. 12s. 6d. net.</p> <p>CHAPMAN AND HALL. <b>Valserine.</b> Marguerite Audoux. 6s. <b>The Antagonists.</b> E. Temple Thurston. 6s. <b>Life in the Indian Police.</b> C. E. Goulds- bury. 7s. 6d. net.</p>	<p>HODDER AND STOUGHTON. <b>The Bride's Breviary.</b> 6s. <b>The German Emperor and the Peace of the World.</b> Alfred H. Fried. 6s. <b>A Makeshift Marriage.</b> Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 6s.</p> <p>CASSELL. <b>The Sultan.</b> Djelal Noury Bey. 6s. <b>The Virgin Fortress.</b> Max Pemberton. 6s.</p> <p>EVELEIGH NASH. <b>Without Trace.</b> William Le Queux. 6s. <b>Things I Can Tell.</b> Lord Rossmore. 10s. 6d. net.</p> <p>METHUEN. <b>Darneley Place.</b> Richard Bagot. 6s. <b>The Holiday Round.</b> A. A. Milne. 6s. <b>London Lavender.</b> E. V. Lucas. 6s. <b>Mary Pechell.</b> Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s.</p> <p>GRANT RICHARDS. <b>The Bandbox.</b> Louis Joseph Vance. 6s. <b>A Wonder-Book and Tanglewood Tales.</b> Nathaniel Hawthorne. <b>Woodrow Wilson: the Story of His Life.</b> 5s.</p> <p>CONSTABLE. <b>My Love and I.</b> Martin Redfield. 6s. <b>A Slice of Life.</b> Robert Halifax. 6s. <b>The Broad Walk.</b> Léonie Aminoff. 6s.</p>
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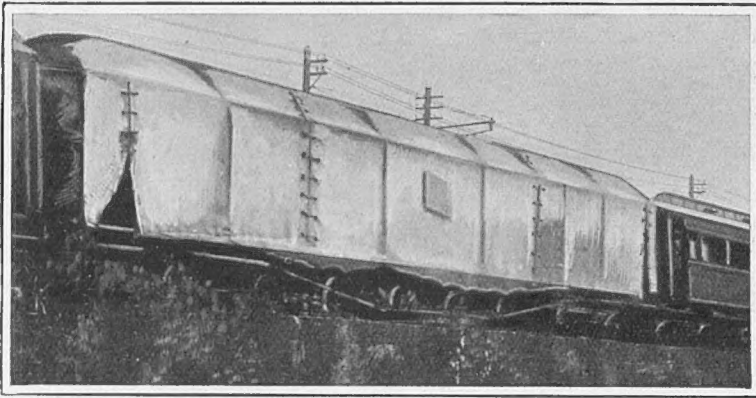
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## EAST AND WEST: BUSHIDO, SUPPUKU, PRINCELY TACT, AND "MOTOR-BUSTING."

**"The Way of the Knights."**

Though we Westerners cannot entirely comprehend the reasons which caused General Nogi to take his own life as a tribute to his dead Emperor, we can respect them. It is a supreme example of Bushido,



SCREENED FROM THE VULGAR GAZE BY WHITE CANVAS: THE RAILWAY CARRIAGE IN WHICH THE COFFIN OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN WAS CONVEYED FROM TOKIO TO KIOTO.

"the Way of the Knights," the stern self-discipline exercised by the Samurai, the warrior nobility of Japan. In Europe it would be thought that the greatest soldier of an empire would serve his country better by living than by dying, but the thoughts of the West are not those of the East, and General Nogi's last act in following his Emperor will bring him more fame in his own land than his exploits in the Satsuma Rebellion or in the wars against China and Russia. When General Nogi was in London a year ago inquiring into our whole system of national training, from the Boy Scouts to the Pensioners at Chelsea, the impression of those of us who met him casually was of a gentle, pleasant-mannered, quiet Eastern with a wonderful power of assimilating information of every kind. The statement in his will that he lost his nerve during the Satsuma Rebellion must be put down to the great humility which was part of the character of this brilliant soldier, for the man who could hear of the death of his beloved sons without moving a muscle of his face had a Spartan-like command of his nerves.

**Suppuku.**

"Suppuku" is a more courteous word for ritual suicide in Japan than is "harakiri," that being the popular term for it. General Nogi is said to have followed his Emperor across the dark river with all the old ceremonies. Those who are curious in such matters can find these rites set down in detail in one of the appendices to Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan." The laying-down of the mats with white silk over them, the placing of flags at the four corners of the mats, and the last gruesome touch of putting two red rugs over all, was all set forth with great minuteness when harakiri was the method of execution for any man of noble birth who was condemned to die. Mr. Mitford, as he then was (he is now Lord Redesdale), gives an interesting account in his book of the harakiri which he, as a British official, was called upon to attend officially. The condemned man was an officer of the Prince of Bizen who gave the order to fire on the foreign settlement at Hiogo in 1868. The ceremony of the execution took place in a temple, and the proud stoicism with which the Japanese soldier inflicted intense torture on himself, without moving a muscle of his face, reads almost like a story of some mythological hero of old.

**A Tactful Prince.**

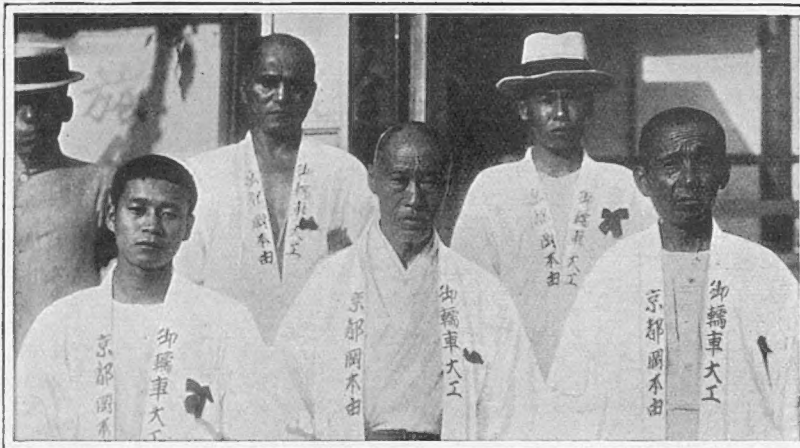
The name of M. André de Fouquières, who published in the *Temps* an interview with the Prince of Wales, is a guarantee of its reliability, and also that our Prince spoke with the knowledge that what he said would be given to the world, for M. de Fouquières is a most gallant and accomplished gentleman as well as a great traveller and a distinguished man of letters. The interview is interesting, for it tells us all that the Prince knows concerning his future career. He will be, he told M. de Fouquières, for two years at Oxford, and after that, being of legal age, he will become an officer in the Army. A 10th Hussar man, Major the Hon. William Cadogan, has been appointed Equerry to the Prince, and it may well be that the 10th Hussars may presently return to England from India in order that the Prince may commence his service in the regiment that bears his title. The Prince has certainly perfected during his stay in France the royal gift of saying pleasant things to people who please him, for his answers to M. de Fouquières as to the French cathedrals, and to the French Admiral as to the French Dreadnoughts, are examples of princely tact.

**The Knell of Branch Lines.**

One of the magazines thinks that the knell of the railways has been rung by the Government scheme for subsidising such farmers as will substitute motor-lorries for the old-fashioned horse-transport, such lorries to be at the service of Government in time of war. I fancy the railways will survive this blow, but if some form of motor campaign against the branch railways were established, all the sleepy little lines, the trains of which crawl in to the town centres, would be wakened up.

**Military Motor-Omnibuses.**

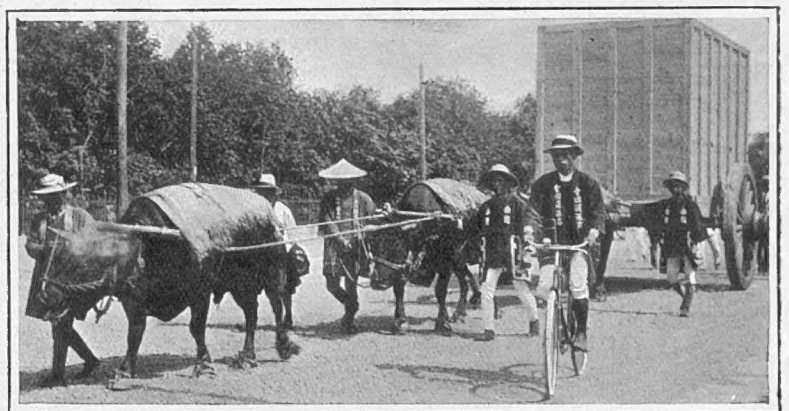
The War Office is not at all a sleepy institution, in spite of public opinion to the contrary, and no doubt that branch of it which has to decide all questions of transport has cast its eye on the fleet of motor-omnibuses in London as a method of transporting troops. With a sufficient supply of fuel on the roads, motor-omnibuses of London could take the Territorials of London at great speed to any point on the East Coast where they might be wanted, and so leave the railways free for other work. The Londoners would cry out if deprived of the fleet of General Motor-Omnibuses even for a day, otherwise the experiment I have suggested would be the most ready means of a pleasant outing for the Territorials and would, of course, have a real military value.



MAKERS OF THE WHEELS WITH THE SEVEN DIFFERENT, MELANCHOLY CREAKS: THE CARPENTERS, OF KIOTO, WHO CONSTRUCTED THE IMPERIAL HEARSE.

The hearse which bore the coffin at the funeral of the Emperor of Japan had wheels so constructed that they gave forth seven different, melancholy creaks as they turned. The vehicle was specially built by a family of carpenters at Kioto, who hold the secret of producing those creaks.

Photographs by R. J. H. Mittler.



TESTING THE SPECIAL ROADS FOR THE 8000-LB. COFFIN OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN: OXEN HAULING A CART WEIGHTED WITH GRANITE.

The coffin of the late Emperor of Japan consisted of three boxes, one inside the other. The space between the innermost, containing the body, and the second was filled with charcoal, that between the second and third with granite stones. The total weight was about 8000 lb. Roads were specially made and tested before the funeral.



MAJOR CLIVE WIGRAM is mentioned in private despatches as having been the happy man of the Manœuvres. He entered Cambridge with the announcement of his own particular capture—Miss Norah Chamberlain. Trinity Hall is a long way from the scene of most of his activities, but it was for once full of the people who could take a more than donnish interest in an engagement. That is, in the first place, a military one, both Major Wigram and Sir Neville Chamberlain having lengthy Army and Indian records. The wedding will take place in town before the end of the year, and the King has intimated to his Equerry his intention of being present. It is hardly to be wondered at that word has gone round that the Major was seen to jump the eight steps that lead to Trinity Hall—a rare feat

Obviously, the publishers are on the prowl for other innocents. The Book of the Beresford Brothers has been sought after for years, and Lord Charles has filled a waste-paper basket with offers of fabulous terms for a volume of "racy reminiscences." Lord Charles, to his great delight, was once credited with such a volume. His "The Great Betrayal" was announced, "I shall certainly get it, certainly get it. I know you'll give everyone away, you rascal!" chuckled a clubman, button-holing him. Lord Charles did not tell him that, instead of "revelations," he would be entertained with pages on the Naval Estimates.

For "Fund." Mr. Neville Lytton has agreed to dance a gavotte, "a brisk and lively motion," at the Æolian Hall on Nov. 9,



IN SCOTLAND AND KILTED: THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THREE OF HIS BROTHERS ON THEIR WAY TO CRATHIE CHURCH, BALMORAL, WITH THEIR TUTOR.

much fancied by undergraduates, but achieved only by men possessed of iron muscle and hearts like balloons.

"Derry," and "Mild the Dawmed Villain." naughtiness long drawn out

is one summary of the Rossmore book. But, like others, it is rather wide of the mark. If one page makes a show of naughtiness, it is generally proved, in the next, to be "pretending." Even the story of his boast at a party that he would kiss the next woman to come in, and of his doing so, is not of a nature to have aroused the indignation of that famous old lady, Mrs. Robert Dundas,

who, when she heard that George IV. had talked indiscreetly of a lady friend, shook her shrivelled fist and screeched, "The dawmed villain, does he kiss and tell?" The cheek Lord Rossmore kissed was his sister's.

#### The Great Betrayal.

Are Lady Dorothy's Fifth and Lord Rossmore's First calculated to encourage the others? Mrs. George Cornwallis-West has, in her own phrase, written "all that I can about the people I have known"; Lady Cardigan has written all she could; Sir Algernon West has had his say.



PURCHASER OF THE LATE DUKE OF FIFE'S RICHMOND HOME: CAPTAIN THE HON. HORACE HOOD.

The Hon. Horace Hood, who is Captain of the Royal Naval College at Osborne, has just bought East Sheen Lodge, Richmond, for some years the residence of the late Duke of Fife. Captain Hood is brother and heir-presumptive of Viscount Hood. He married, in 1910, Mrs. George Nickerson, widow of the late Mr. George Nickerson, of New England, and formerly Miss Ellen Touzalin.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

with Mrs. George Cornwallis-West at the harpsichord. Something vigorous may be expected from one who keeps fit on tennis (and vegetables), and wins the Amateur Championship in the intervals of painting. The proceedings at the Æolian Hall are not altogether frivolous; but neither is the paper which misprints their object as being "in the interests of the Shakespeare Memorial Fun" so very far from the mark.

Wire-Pulling. The communication-cord was too great a temptation for Captain Walter Evans, and has been for others before him. "The worst wiggling I ever got in my life was from a little guard one quiet Sunday morning in Suffolk," relates one great man who had presumed



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT G. F. MONTAGU, R.N.: MISS WELD-BLUNDELL.

Miss Weld-Blundell is the daughter of Mr. C. J. Weld-Blundell, of Ince Blundell Hall, Lancashire. Lieutenant Montagu, who is serving on H.M.S. "Neptune," is a son of the Hon. R. A. C. Montagu, of Cromore, Portstewart, Ireland.

Photograph by Thomson.



WITH THE BLUES, BUT BY NO MEANS SUFFERING FROM THEM: THE KING WALKING TO HIS HORSE AT LITTLE ABINGTON DURING THE MANŒUVRES.

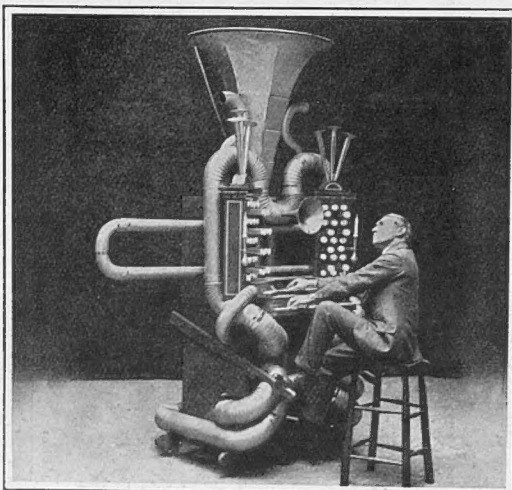
On the first day of the Army Manœuvres near Cambridge the King left Trinity College at 10 a.m. and motored to the headquarters of the Blue Army (defenders) at Whittlesford Station. There he was met by Colonel Seely and General Sir John French, and motored with them to a point near Little Abington, where he left the car and mounted his big black Australian charger, Rupert. He rode about the Blue position for some three hours, and then went over to inspect the Reds (the invaders).—[Photo. by Topical.]

to study his own royal convenience. One of the few men to have escaped both the wiggling and the fine was Mr. Garvin. His explanations, with scraps of Wordsworth and Francis Thompson thrown in, were overwhelming. The main line of pleading was that a great editor is himself in the nature of a communication-cord and must not be frivolously pulled—before the magistrate. At least, he wasn't.

## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT—FOR DENYING THAT SHRIMPS AND RAW EGGS, WITH BATHING IN CHAMPAGNE, ARE THE SECRET OF HER PERPETUAL YOUTH.  
*Photograph by Dover Street Studios.*



MR. LEWIS SYDNEY—FOR HIS SKILL IN PLAYING THE FOLLYPHONE OF HIS OWN INVENTION AT MR. PÉLISSIER'S RECENT ESPLANADE CONCERT AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.  
*Photograph by Topical.*



MR. GEORGE EDWARDES, OF MUSICAL-COMEDY FAME—FOR DECIDING TO PUT AN ANTI-MARRIAGE CLAUSE INTO HIS CONTRACTS WITH ACTRESSES.  
*Photograph by Ellis and Walery.*



SIR EDWARD CARSON—FOR BEING THE "GENERAL" OF THE HOME RULE RESISTERS OF ULSTER, TRAVELLING WITH A BODYGUARD, AND BEING SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF THE BALLYMACASH UNIONIST CLUB ARMED WITH DUMMY RIFLES.  
*Photographs by G.F.U. and Illustrations Bureau.*



THE ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH—FOR RENOUNCING HER IMPERIAL RIGHTS AND MARRYING COUNT GEORGE OF WALDBURG-ZEIL-LUSTENAU-HOHENEMS.  
*Photograph by Pictner.*



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL—FOR BEING ENGAGED TO MISS OLAVE SOAMES, AND SAYING, "I SHALL NEVER LEAVE THE SCOUTS, THOUGH CUPID HAS PIERCED THE HEART OF THEIR CHIEF."  
*Photograph by Swaine.*



COUNT GEORGE OF WALDBURG-ZEIL-LUSTENAU-HOHENEMS, FORMERLY TUTOR TO HER BROTHERS—FOR MARRYING THE ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH WITH THE BENEDICTION OF THE EMPEROR.  
*Photograph by Pictner.*

Mme. Bernhardt was reported to have said the other day that shrimps and raw eggs, together with champagne in the bath, were her secrets of perpetual youth. She has since denied this.—Mr. George Edwardes has stated that he will introduce an anti-marriage clause into all his future contracts with actresses at the Gaiety, Daly's, the Adelphi, and elsewhere. This clause will provide that the lady who signs the contract will not be released from her engagements during rehearsals, or the run of a play, on the score of matrimony.—As we note under our portrait of the lady, an engagement is announced between Miss Olave St. Claire Soames and "B.P." Interviewed by the "Pall Mall Gazette" the other day, the Chief Scout said that the wedding would take place about Christmas-time, and "I shall never leave the Scouts, though Cupid has pierced the heart of their Chief."—The wedding took place the other day of the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, favourite granddaughter of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and Count George of Waldburg-Zeil-Lustenau-Hohenems, a young officer who was formerly a tutor to the Archduchess's brothers. As her fiancé was not of imperial blood, the Archduchess had to renounce her imperial rights.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

THE London Cyclists in the East Anglian manoeuvres had a couple of Maxim guns which they hustled from point to point in taxi-cabs. There would be fewer disputes about the legal fare in London if the "shuffer" knew that he had a machine-gun trained on the small of his back.

For want of something better to do, some people seem to be really interested in the question, Can trout have indigestion? As long as they do not give it when properly cooked, the query leaves us cold.

In Germany they are printing on the back of match-boxes good advice as to the best way of curing consumption or of avoiding its contraction. The Cave Men were in luck. They were pestered neither with foreign matches nor with unasked-for advice.



"Nifty" is the adjective applied by smart American tailors to their latest real-up-to-the-minute suits. That is exactly the right expression. There are some American manifestations with which only the American dialect is competent to deal.

#### THE PIONEER AND THE TOADSTOOL.

(Dr. Somerville Hastings, lecturing at the Royal Photographic Society's exhibition, said that some toadstools were exceedingly nice, and that out of the five thousand species in this country only about a dozen were known to be poisonous.)

The learned Dr. Hastings, when addressing the Society That's Royal and Photographic, seems to me to have digressed

Just a little out of focus in his talk on the variety And qualities of toadstools, and of puff-balls, and the rest. He affirmed (and I should hesitate to say that it's incredible) That, out of the five thousand kinds and species that are grown, By far the greater number, very probably, are edible, While just about a dozen deadly specimens are known.

The man who first ate oysters was a marvel of temerity, And he who first ate mushrooms was a hero none the less; But I shan't attempt to rival them, to benefit posterity, With experiments in eating doubtful fungi, I confess.

I'm shy, in this connection, of confronting "probability," In the matter of a mushroom it's uncertainty I fear, And I hold it is the height of gastronomic imbecility To lie beneath a tombstone as a Poisoned Pioneer!

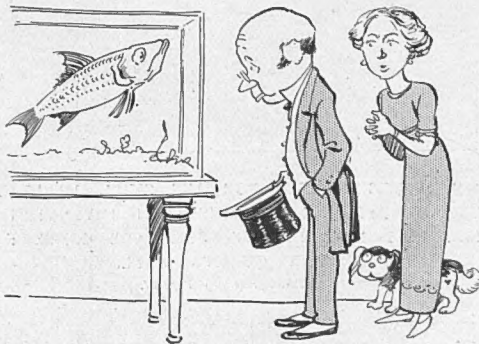
Wicked men are given to doubting the stories which anglers tell of their magnificent catches. The story of how thirty members of a London fishing club fished all day in the River Lea and only landed one small roach should be easily swallowed by them—when they get their wind again.



At a Suffolk flower-show a prize was offered for the most effective scarecrow. The fact is that education has made such rapid strides among the rooks that they turn up their beaks at anything short of an aeroplane with a machine-gun fore and aft.

"A good thief knows when he is caught," said a Limehouse man when arrested on a charge of housebreaking. And at Limehouse, too!

Kaiser Wilhelm has been indulging in reminiscences at Geneva with Mlle. Bujard, who was formerly his governess. It appears that in the old days he used to pull her legs under the table. The child is father to the man, and the Kaiser has been pulling Europe's leg ever since he came to the throne.



Mrs. J. P. Pearson, the wife of a Cincinnati millionaire, declares that her husband is the most perfect married man in the world. There are heaps of men going about who are quite sure that they, too, could be perfect husbands if anyone would give them the chance to be millionaires.

#### PEACEFUL PAYTHORNE.

(The Government School Inspector says that in the village of Paythorne the

children rarely speak in an audible tone, and that the men even sit in company and never say a word to anyone.)

Paythorne, silent, restful Paythorne,  
In the distant Yorkshire Fells,  
We have heard with envious wonder  
What your School Inspector tells:  
How your children mutter lowly;  
How their elders rarely speak,  
Even at the village public,  
More than twenty words a week.

Paythorne, voiceless, speechless Paythorne,  
Are your women also dumb?  
Do the shrew, the scold, the gossip,  
Dwell in the millennium?

If you have a strictly  
truthful  
School Inspector, it  
would seem

That you are the Eveless  
Eden  
Of the cynic poet's  
dream!



Robespierre fashions are to do their best to make the autumn a Reign of Terror among the women. This evidently means that, in spite of the prophecies of cold weather, dress will be very décolleté.

Von Hausen's Joy Day. At the conclusion of the Manoeuvres in which Germany was successfully "invaded" the Kaiser attended a conference of Generals and delivered a lecture, filled with criticisms, to General von Hausen, who was vanquished.



Aeroplanes have done so much in the Manoeuvres this autumn, both at home and abroad, that modern tactics have become obsolete, and for the future there will be a return to pitched battles. The fate of nations will soon be decided on Saturday afternoons, with plenty of gate-money to pay expenses, and with all the chivalrous little amenities of an American football match.

Mr. Sawa, of Japan, regards London as the city of noiseless traffic, and misses the deafening clatter of Tokio, where the streets are hard-paved. He need not worry; Holborn is laying down a nice little patch of granite for him, where he will be able to sit all day on the kerb and listen to the refreshing thunder of the traffic.

Mrs. Anna Murphy, Police Matron of Chicago, issues a warning to girls to beware of little men with sharp, thin noses as husbands. This may be a novelty in Chicago, but for ages the women of these islands have objected to the men whose noses indicate a disposition to pry into everything.



# "LITTLE MISS LLEWELYN": A "SHADOWED" STAR.



SILHOUETTED BY PHOTOGRAPHY: MISS HILDA TREVELYAN, WHO IS PLAYING GWEN LLEWELYN AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

We here give a second example of the series of silhouettes begun with that of Miss Marie Tempest in our issue of the 4th. Miss Hilda Trevelyan, we need hardly remind our readers, recently blossomed into managership, at the Vaudeville in association with Mr. Edmund Gwenn, and is appearing with him, most successfully, in "Little Miss Llewelyn"—their first venture. The play is based on "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans."

*Photograph Specially Taken for "The Sketch" by E. O. Hoppe.*



NOT "IN THE SPRING," BUT IN THE AUTUMN: "A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY."

The 'Jama  
Drama.

when such a work might have been regarded as "modern." The so-called "modern comedy" starts bravely in a realistic way with quite a lifelike picture of Lord Porth's bed-room. We heard some lifelike snoring, apparently supplied by Mr. C. M. Lowne, since no other agency for it is mentioned on the programme. Then we were permitted to see his Lordship in his pyjamas. Somebody some day will call the twentieth-century theatre "the era of the 'jama drama": how the earlier dramatists got on without the aid of pyjamas and the telephone is a wonder to us. Perhaps because they used asides and soliloquies instead. Mr. H. V. Esmond is original enough to do without the telephone, but revives the soliloquy, and also, I believe, the aside. His Lordship opened a door, and then we had a great triumph of the British drama: a real bath with real steam. Did Wagner anticipate the full dramatic value of steam when he introduced it in "The Ring," or Mr. Crummles imagine that his real tub would develop into a real wash-tub! I expected a realistic bathing scene, but perhaps Mr. C. M. Lowne is too modest: anyhow, he closed the bath-room door after him.

The Beetle in  
the Bath.

He came out hastily, shrieking, "There is that beastly beetle in the bath!" and the house roared with laughter; he rang for the valet, who took up a clothes-brush and entered the bath-room with an air of great resolution. Personally, I don't believe in attacking beetles with clothes-brushes: the result is apt to be too messy. I always use a mashie myself: it seems more sporting. You open the window, take as good a stance as you can, make a little chip-shot, and out goes the beetle—sometimes. It is rather difficult to loft the enemy if it is on the linoleum; you should try to lure it to the edge of the cork mat. And the house rocked with laughter when the valet, whose part is very

funnily played by Mr. Thomas Weguelin, came out and announced that the bath-room was vacant. Just afterwards the story began. The Hon. Gerald Porth appeared, also in pyjamas. He had dishevelled hair, very long for an Englishman, and darkened eyes which suggested that he had been trying to black a grate and peel an onion at the same time. They really proved that he was in love, and therefore had not come home till five-forty-two in the morning. He loved a beautiful, rich American girl, named Ella Grant. He loved her tremendously and would have asked her to marry him, but, unfortunately—for all of us—his Aunt Julia wanted him to do so, and

this caused him to revolt against his love. No high-souled Englishman would brook such an interference with his plans as his aunt's consent. It is this noble independence of spirit which has made Midlothian what it is. Naturally, it followed that he had been carrying on disgracefully with a girl in a Regent Street flower-shop, and felt that he ought to marry her. Of course, mere women will



LADY JULIA VENTERMERE BEARDS THE LIONESS IN HER DEN: MISS MARIANNE CALDWELL AS MME. MONPANSIER, OF THE FLOWER-SHOP; AND MISS LOTTIE VENNE AS LADY JULIA.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

not understand that when a man is deeply in love with A he will naturally make love to B; but then women are very selfish—and dramatists know life. After we had heard all about this, Ella and Aunt Julia made their appearance.

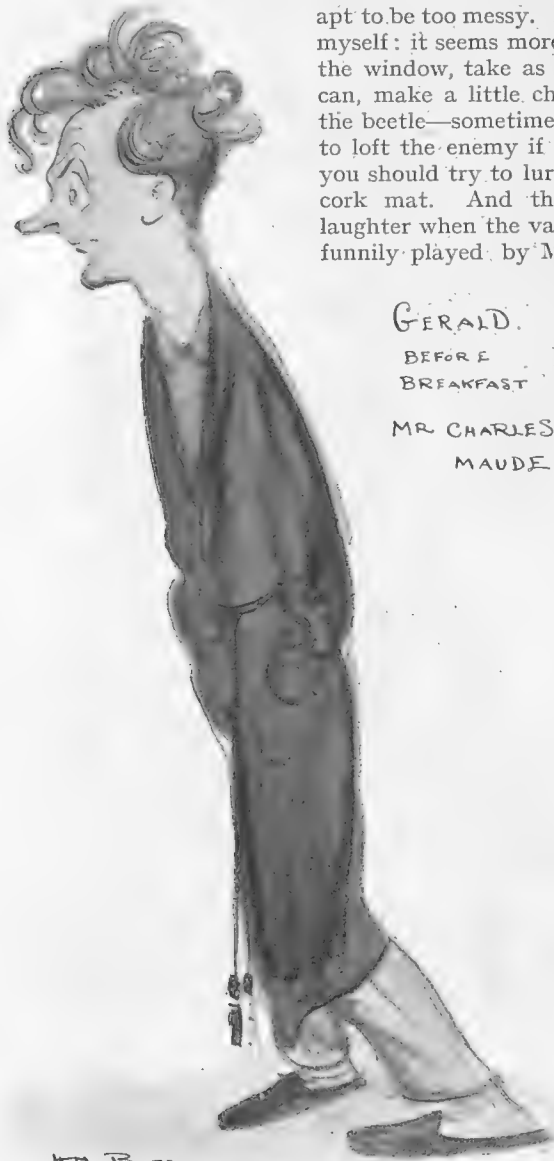
Behind the  
Screen.

Of course, the Hon. Gerald retired behind a screen. It was exactly the kind of screen I like, one with a glass top to each leaf, whose real function is not to hide anything, but merely to give one the fun of seeing something that is supposed to be hidden. At an early stage, Miss Ella peeped over and saw the young hero, who was listening to her conversation with his father. Let us pass to the next act with its expensive scene representing the interior of the flower-shop—such a nice flower-shop—where by sitting next to a lattice-work partition, you can listen comfortably to the private conversations of the people at the next tables. Lord Porth and his chivalrous son sat and listened. In the case of vulgar people this would have been regarded as indelicate eavesdropping; but the aristocracy never drop eaves: they merely exhibit a legitimate interest in the affairs of other people. The material facts were that the flower-girl had married somebody else, before discovering which fact Gerald had flagrantly overpaid her for losing him by giving her a hundred-pounds. I should not have priced him much higher, as man or husband, than a plague-stricken rat. Lady Julia fancied that Gerald had married the flower-girl, and Gerald imagined that the American girl believed that he had married the flower-girl, and quite complacently was permitting her to be embraced in public by another man. He was anxious for her to believe this because he loved her very much; but she had quickly guessed the truth, and so, to cut matters short, and thereby imitate the author, Gerald and Ella, after a mutual declaration of love in the next act, agreed to marry one another. Rather a disappointing play from a dramatist who a little time ago was regarded as one of the valuable assets of our stage: cleverish at times, and amusing, but a mere puppet piece with a thin intrigue and laborious wit. There was clever acting by Mr. Lowne and Mr. Charles Maude (who represented Gerald), and Miss Lottie Venne (successfully farcical in the part of Aunt Julia), and three ladies—Miss Marianne Caldwell, Miss Dora Barton, and Miss Enid Bell, who deserve some praise.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).

FEELING CHEAP AND ABOUT TO BE INTERVIEWED BY  
HIS FATHER: THE HON. GERALD PORTH.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



OUR UNTAMED ARTIST AT THE PLAY: "A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY."



MR. H. V. ESMOND'S NEW COMEDY, AT THE CRITERION: NOTABLE CHARACTERS CARICATURED.

There is some capital acting in Mr. Esmond's "A Young Man's Fancy," which was produced at the Criterion the other day—notably on the parts of Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Enid Bell, Miss Marianne Caldwell, Mr. Charles Maude, and Mr. C. M. Lowne.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

ALTHOUGH Lady Lathom's wedding is now fixed for the middle of December, it is still uncertain whether hers or her daughter's



ENTERTAINING THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY  
THE MARCHIONESS OF NORMANBY.

The Duchess of Albany arranged to spend a week with Lord and Lady Normanby at Mulgrave Castle, Whitby, where she was due to arrive on Saturday, the 21st. She is to open the new County School at Whitby on the 25th. Lady Normanby, whose marriage took place in 1903, was Miss Gertrude Foster, younger daughter and co-heiress of the late Mr. Johnston J. Foster, of Moor Park, Ludlow. [Photograph by Thomson.]

will be first. It seems probable, however, that Lady Helen Wilbraham and Mr. Hugh Whitaker will be married rather earlier. Lady Lathom's duplication of duties for the eventful month is made possible by her very early first marriage. Her daughter will be a young bride; but she

herself was still younger when she married the late Lord Lathom. Indeed, even when Lady Helen was born, Lady Lathom was considerably short of the age that her daughter will write down in the register. A first violin, a constant reader, a capital speaker and an accomplished hostess, Lady Lathom has been told that she is the most interesting bride of the year. With which, as the mother of a bride, she emphatically disagrees.

*Five Places.* Fires, intentional and otherwise, have begun. The blaze that

TO MARRY MAJOR J. H. HAMILTON, D.S.O. NEXT MONTH: MISS MICHOLLS. The wedding of Miss Micholls, of 11, Queen's Gate, and Major J. H. Hamilton, D.S.O., of the Black Watch, is announced to take place early in October.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

destroyed Carden Hall in an hour or two reminds one that the return of the cold season not seldom brings with it a series of such disasters. Ancient chimneys, studded with timber,

cannot stand the fierce heat generated by modern grates, and most old country places are in some degree dangerous—until they have been burnt down. Lord and Lady George Campbell, who are entertaining at Inverary Castle, are among those who have the sad satisfaction of security. Inverary has had its fire. That was when the Marquess of Lorne and the other inmates, having passed a fiery avalanche of chandeliers and ceilings, escaped in their dressing-gowns, and barefooted. Mr. Winston Churchill was rather less fortunate, although he boasted bedroom slippers after his own particular conflagration. But the only



A CROQUET CHAMPION AND A CLEVER AMATEUR ACTRESS: LADY MARCIA JOCELYN.

Lady Marcia Valda Jocelyn, who is the younger of the two daughters of the Earl and Countess of Roden, won the Irish Ladies' Croquet Championship last year, and the Ladies' Gold Cup for Croquet at Eastbourne. She is also very clever at amateur theatricals. Photograph by Rita Martin.

place in his case within reach of the smouldering ruins was a railway station, and he made the journey to town in the slippers—supplemented by a smock-frock!

*Palmed Off.* The crusade against fortune-telling is not universally approved. In an age when Lord Rosebery, Mr. Winston Churchill (a recent convert), and every reasonable creature believes in "thirteens," it follows that the palmist must also have adherents. One woman, tolerably well known in London, makes a particularly strong defence of the

seers lodged on the upper floors of Bond Street. She herself, half for fun, half by necessity, once told fortunes at a garden-party. All went well until a certain man held out his hand, and she, looking at it, said to herself, "I am going to marry him." "I see your future clearly," she said to him, "but I can't tell you what it is." Only after they were married did he guess what it was she had withheld.

*Sarah's Black Maria.*

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt thinks that Englishwomen should have votes, or ask for them as long as they have not. She dares to disagree with "G. B. S." about hunger-striking; but her experience of Holloway may be called limited. During one London visit there had been much talk of the Inland Revenue's demands upon the divine Sarah's box-office receipts. She gave out to her company, in shrill accents, that she was going to resist, and their worst fears were realised when one evening a number of men in uniform arrived, arrested her, with several of her friends and supporters, and drove them away in four-wheelers. But Holloway was never reached. The cabs drove, instead, to a gay little supper-party, where Sarah's joke was amply discussed.



DAUGHTER OF THE AUTHOR OF "THINGS I CAN TELL": LADY BAILEY.

Lady Bailey, who married Sir Abe Bailey, K.C.M.G., of South African fame, last year, is the only daughter of Lord Rossmore, whose amusing book of reminiscences has just appeared. She was formerly known as the Hon. Mary Westensu.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



THE CHURCH BENEATH THE STATE: THE MARQUESS OF NORMANBY WEARING PEER'S ROBES OVER HIS CLERICAL CASSOCK.

Lord Normanby, the Duchess of Albany's host at Mulgrave Castle, was known before he succeeded to the title in 1890 as the Rev. Constantine Phipps. He was Vicar of St. Mark's, Worsley, from 1872 to 1890, and Canon of Windsor from 1891 to 1907. [Photo. by Thomson.]

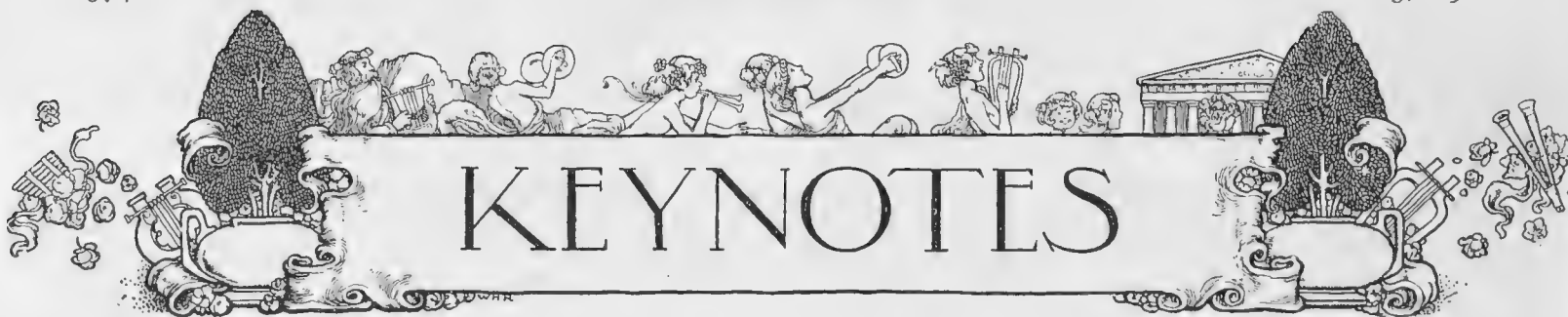
## WOODEN LEGS IN THE SERVICE OF HOPPERS: A "GIANT."



EQUAL TO HALF-A-DOZEN MEN: A STILT-WALKER STRINGING IN A KENTISH HOP-FIELD.

As a general rule, the stringing is done by men standing on the tops of high steps. It is claimed that a stilt-walker can do the work of six such. The feet are strapped into special overshoes fixed to the rests, in the manner shown in the inset photograph; the belt at the top is strapped round the waist.

*Photographs by Chas. J. L. Clarke.*



### NOT AN UNMIXED EVIL: A MUSICAL SEASON WITHOUT GRAND OPERA.

IT says much for the vitality of music in London that the season now about to open is full of interest though two of the most discussed and eagerly-looked-for events are cancelled. Mr. Hammerstein, finding that his venture had assumed a forty-five-thousand-pound look on the debit side of his philanthropic ledger, has decided to retire from the fray, sadder and wiser, perhaps, than he entered into it, but enriched by a sense of grievance that is an asset after its kind. Covent Garden, after considering the possibilities of a late autumn season, has been convinced, probably by reference to the ledgers dealing with similar ventures in the past, that the game is not worth the electric light. At the same time, with the doors of our national opera-house closed and those of the fine house in Kingsway awaiting the advent of the strong music-hall syndicate or combine, London may look forward to an autumn and winter season that will be full of interest from start to finish, and will be associated with the presence in our midst of the greatest conductors, singers, and players of our time, and the permanent work of three or four of the finest orchestral combinations the city has ever known. Seeing that in the ordinary course of events no autumn opera could be expected to yield a large profit, it is well that a great part of the money that would have helped without sufficing grand opera should be diverted to the orchestral concerts and recitals that have as great a claim upon the suffrages of music-lovers.

The receipts of a season of Grand Opera in London range probably from eighty to one hundred thousand pounds, and a certain proportion of this money comes from people who love music for its own sake. Let us suppose that an autumn season, at reduced cost on stage and in auditorium, draws a third of this sum, the proportion of enthusiasts who subscribe it is very considerable. A great part of their contribution will now be shifted to Queen's Hall, the Albert Hall, Bechstein's, the Æolian, and other places, to the considerable benefit of institutions that are with us all the year round. It is impossible to doubt that, when London is putting forward all its music-strength, there is not sufficient response to do justice to everybody. Great artists who can command a certain reward on the Continent find themselves fronting a hall that is half-empty, or has been liberally "papered"; younger orchestras find themselves in the same plight. Until London's response to music is considerably greater than it is to-day, the absence of opera from the autumn programme will not be an unmixed evil. The day will come when there will be support for all good ventures, and we may be certain that by the time the earliest dawning of

that day is visible we shall not lack grand opera at any season of the year. In the meantime, there is so much to be grateful for that complaints are quite out of place.

The Philharmonic Society will complete its centenary programme, which is worthy of its great achievements and will be associated with new work by some of our leading composers.

The Queen's Hall Orchestra will present programmes equal to those that have gone before, and this is highest praise. The London Symphony Orchestra has gone back to the custom that prevailed on the nights before Dr. Richter took the helm; it has invited some of the greatest living conductors to direct its long and promising series of concerts, and has paid a well-deserved compliment to a young British composer, Mr. Hamilton Harty, by inviting him to join the distinguished circle. The season opens on Oct. 28, when Fritz Steinbach will conduct; Sir Edward Elgar will conduct twice, Mr. Harty once, and, later on, we shall have the opportunity of welcoming Safonoff, Mengelberg, and Nikisch. Among the specially attractive items on the season's programme is the Choral Symphony.

The Classical Concert Society will give a weekly concert at Bechstein's, starting on Wednesday, Oct. 16, and choosing afternoons and evenings alternatively—a wise choice, for there are many supporters of the Classical Concerts who are no longer young enough to look forward with confidence to winter nights in town. This excellent society does not exist to make money: it is content to pay expenses and familiarise its patrons with the best chamber music. In pursuit of this ideal the prices, never very high, have been lowered, and

the price of a stall for the series of ten concerts is now only three pounds, or thirty-five shillings, according to the position of the seat.

When it is stated that the artists engaged include Casals, Ernst von Dohnanyi, and Dr. Henschel, to say nothing of others hardly less distinguished, with three leading string quartets, the Society may be said to be living up to its best intentions.

There will be no lack of great soloists in our midst in the next few weeks. Mme. Melba has concluded her Australian tour and will be heard at the Albert Hall on Saturday week next. Three days later, Mischa Elman will be at the Queen's Hall for the single recital that is to precede a lengthy American tour. Eugend' Albert, a very rare visitor to London, is due at Bechstein's in common chord.



BEAUTY AND "THE SKETCH" IN THE HEART OF SPAIN: SEÑORITA TORTOLA VALENCIA HOLIDAY-MAKING.

It will be recalled that Señorita Valencia appeared recently at the Palace in Hispano-Moorish dances. She is now giving Arabic dances at the Marigny, Paris, with much success.



AN ENGLISH "RUSSIAN" DANCER: MISS TOPSY SINDEN AS SHE APPEARS IN "THE GRASS WIDOWS," AT THE APOLLO.

Photograph by the Pembroke Studios.

November, shortly after Mme. Carreño has delighted her many London admirers at the Queen's Hall in celebration of her professional jubilee.

OH, EVERYWOMAN, THIS IS LOVE!



THE REVOLVING CUPID: W. HEATH ROBINSON "ASSISTS" HERRICK.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

# FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

## THE IDEAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

IN five days I shall see London as it is, not as I left it, but with the new and impartial eyes that two months' absence gives one. London will be much blacker than two months ago; the sun—that same inexorable sun that is just now bleaching my hair as I lie flat on a sandhill—will there be veiled more thickly, behind a haze more grey; the smell of tar and of factory-smoke will suffocate me anew, and my London friends—how much fatter, or

much thinner, or much older, and altogether different they will be from those whom I left two months ago! Perhaps the change will not be due altogether to the regained lucidity of my vision; perhaps there will be real innovations to startle me as I crawl in a four-wheeler from the wharf through the streets of my foster-town. Perhaps I shall see promising posters announcing Sunday representations of the best of past and present plays at prices obviously of a future era of commercialism. I say, "perhaps," because I have no idea how far or how earnestly the question of the Sunday theatre has been discussed. Most of the London dailies were sent to me here, and most of my French friends read them. As for me, I am ashamed to confess that, as a town shrinks from my sight from the window of a train or the deck of a ship, so my interest in it becomes vague, distant, and nebulous. It is very humiliating and very human. Methinks that the worthy and romantic Robinson Crusoe became soon more concerned

about  
an an-  
telope

happened before; let us search in the dust of forgotten things to see if we cannot find a precedent.' Do you not know that the saying, 'Old friends are best,' is English? The rest of the world knows that new friends are the most agreeable because we know them less, and the most polite because they know us less. Still, if London managers, dramatists, journalists, churchmen, and playgoers are abusing each other in that solemn, impersonal way they have over there of discussing, we may hope, without being too sanguine, that our great-grandchildren on some rainy Sunday—no, Tréville, no, it does not rain every Sunday in London; one Sunday, I remember, it snowed—those great-grandchildren of ours, I mean the respective great-grandchildren of our respectable selves, may yet forsake on a Sabbath the delights of bridge for the theatre without feeling *damnés*—it sounds quite all right in French, does it not?"

I wonder that England—the land of Sunday-schools—does not welcome with frantic approbation that ideal Sunday-school, the stage of the seventh day, where the gigantic and extravagant classics and all our subtle and sober contemporaries would act as teachers and jesters. It is not at all necessary that the people should be taught, but it is vital that they should be amused.

The worst of the cinematograph theatre is that it teaches but does not amuse. You can learn there how a tobacco-leaf ends in smoke, and how

inglor-

iously

un-

grateful

sons, such as the

hirsute

Absalom, meet their death. But

if you learn there, you do not

laugh. Not only are the "farces"

not farcical, but they all possess a

soporific sameness. The real theatre

is far more amusing than the pic-

ture-palace, because the spoken

word is invariably more humorous

than the most ludicrous sight—that

is why one laughs over a book,

and is made sad by a caricature,

however witty. Mr. Pickwick was

amusing because of his mentality,

not because of his rotund figure.

A thing grotesque is depressing,

not humorous.

A refined form of amusement is

elevating in itself. A good play

is infinitely more beneficial morally

than an indifferent sermon. I sup-

pose that many retrograde people

have argued, and will argue, that

open theatres on Sunday mean the

overworking of the actors. But,

alas! for the profession! the

majority of actors suffer from

enforced rest.

Where shall I be in London

next Sunday? Basking in the

sylvan charms of "A Midsummer

Night's Dream," or warming my

feet before my own grate? The latter, I think, for innovation in

England advances with the swiftness and spontaneity of a caterpillar,

with a great show of dorsal suppleness, but with so little velocity!



Photo. Topical.  
WIFE OF THE TENANT OF  
CARDEN HALL, WHICH WAS  
BURNT LAST WEEK: MRS.  
HOLDSWORTH.

That historic Cheshire mansion, Carden Hall, was almost totally destroyed by fire last week, and many valuables were lost, including fine old pictures, oak panelling, and carvings and jewels. The occupants escaped with difficulty. The Hall and park are the property of Mrs. Leche. At the time of the disaster, Colonel and Mrs. Holdsworth were

[Continued opposite.

cutlet overdone by Friday than about the fall of empires and the rise of republics. So the temperature of the sea wherein I abandon myself twice a day sets me speculating more earnestly than whether Hamlet (with or without pockets) will question Sunday audiences as to the advisability of being or not being.

If I know anything of the Sunday Theatre Movement I owe it to Tréville, who, like a true Frenchman of Fashion, devours with the same religious greediness the *Times* and stale muffins (which he calls, innocent of satire, "English biscuits").

It is he, then, who announced to me that London was going to open its theatres on Sundays, "for," he said quaintly, "they talk of it very seriously."

"You seem to imply, *mon cher*, that the English can sometimes talk with levity," I observe, with pained astonishment. "You also seem to assume that we—for I count myself as an English subject—would hurriedly adopt a thing while it is still new. How little you know us, *mon cher* Tréville!

And yet, did you not once spend a week in Leicester Square? While you in Paris jump at a thing simply because it has not happened before, we in London say: 'What a pity it has never



Photo Topical.  
THE TENANT OF CARDEN  
HALL, WHICH WAS BURNT  
LAST WEEK: COLONEL GEORGE  
HOLDSWORTH.

[Continued.]  
the tenants. It is reckoned that the damage done exceeds £60,000, and, of course, many things burnt cannot possibly be replaced. Colonel George Holdsworth, it will be recalled, married Alice, widow of George William Duff Assheton Smith, in 1907. His London home is 14, Great Stanhope Street, Mayfair.



RIDING ASTRIDE IN THE FAR WEST: MISS HELEN TAFT, DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT TAFT.

Miss Helen Taft and Mr. Robert Taft, daughter and son of the President of the United States, have been visiting Montana, in the Far West, and camped out for three weeks in the country skirting Red Eagle Mountain. A number of entertainments were given for them by the Red Indians of the district.

Photograph by Fleet.

feet before my own grate? The latter, I think, for innovation in England advances with the swiftness and spontaneity of a caterpillar, with a great show of dorsal suppleness, but with so little velocity!

THE "LANDED" PROPRIETOR.



FIFINE: And your flirtation with Gaston?

MARIE: Finished!

FIFINE: What! Did you quarrel?

MARIE: Oh no! We're married.

DRAWN BY FABIANO.



THE STORY-TELLER'S REWARD: LORD ROSSMORE EARNS A NEW ROAD.\*

"Smoked 'Addock, My Lord."

Amongst the things Lord Rossmore can tell is that, should his book succeed, he will give Rossmore another new road. By now, doubtless, he will have invited tenders. His collection of "memories" is already exceedingly popular. "I can fancy," he remarks, "some people saying, 'Oh, I hope he won't mention me,' but they can breathe freely, for that kind grandmother the law of libel protects them, and, after all, what is the good of revealing *everything* you know?" That, to the sensation-seekers, may suggest the bread-and-milk, not the spice, of life. They need not fear. Lord Rossmore is discreet, but he is not dull; and there is a decided piquancy about some of his dishes—even the few that are served with chestnut sauce. Witness one in which he himself was an ingredient. In company with two others, he had had a long and merry night at a friend's house. When he came down in the morning, he greeted William, the butler, and learned that his fellow-guests had already eaten and gone out. "What did they have, William?" he asked. "Smoked 'addock, my Lord." "Did they?" he cried; "what a drunkard's breakfast." Then a pause; and "What do you think I'd better have, William?" Cold, but not unkindly eyes turned to him, and the answer came with marked meaning: "Smoked 'addock, my Lord."

King Edward and Sartorial Conventions.

Of King Edward Lord Rossmore has several recollections. "I do not think," he writes of him, "that there has ever lived anyone so capable of saying and doing the right thing at the right moment. I remember an example of this at a Marlborough House garden party, in the late Queen's time, when the Ambassadors were assembled, and the Queen walked about with the Prince of Wales, chatting to them. What so interested me was to see how his Royal Highness coached his mother as to everyone's identity, and told her what to say. It was so cleverly done that it passed unnoticed by the majority of people, but I took it all in, and it was pleasant to see how delighted everyone was at the Queen's graciousness." Then there is a note about King Edward's liking for the sartorial conventions.

It was at the races at Epsom. "By some oversight," says Lord Rossmore, "I was not wearing the silk hat demanded by etiquette, and this was at once observed by the Prince, who looked me critically from top to toe, and then said, half in jest and half in reproach: 'Well, Rossmore, have you come-r-ratting?' " And another case. "When the Duke of Connaught went out to India," continues Lord Rossmore, "a number of people bought jodpores, which are the tight trousers worn by the Hindoos. . . . 'By Jove,' said I, 'I'll have two pairs made—one in black buckskin, and the other in brown; the buckskin shall come from the foot to the middle of the thigh, and the tops shall be of cloth.' . . . I wore the black jodpores down at Elvedon.

Between the shooting of two coverts we were all standing clustered round the late King, when he spied my black legs, and was most interested. 'I'm glad to see, Rossmore,' he observed, 'that you Irish landlords are becoming more provident.' We looked at each other in amazement, and wondered what his Majesty could possibly be driving at. Then I ventured, 'Why, Sir?' 'Because,' replied the King, 'I see that you are using up your old evening tr-ousers to make shooting leggings.' We all laughed, for my black jodpores might well have been cloth instead of skin."

A Mystery Solved by Aniseed.

Concerning sport there is another good yarn. "Chicken Hartopp . . . had a servant whose religious views were rather a mystery, and Chicken never could find out whether the man was a Protestant or a Catholic; all he knew was that his servant attended divine service somewhere. At last, Chicken made up his mind to find out, so he aniseeded the soles of the man's boots, and put the hounds on his trail, with the result that they ran him to earth in the Roman Catholic chapel when Mass was in full swing."

The Chop-and-Dog Breakfast.

Fred Leslie provided him with another. Two men had been at a lively dinner, and met the following morning. "Both felt very cheap, but each thought it his bounden duty to endeavour to appear very chirpy. 'Mornin', old chap,' said one. 'Mornin',' replied his friend. 'Awfully jolly time last night!' 'Ra-ather.' 'Had any breakfast?' asked the first speaker. 'Of course I have,' answered the other. 'What did you have?' 'Oh—the usual thing—a chop.' 'Good heavens!' ejaculated the first diner-out. 'Anything else?' he ventured, after a long pause. 'Yes; a brandy-and-soda—and a dog.' 'A dog!' exclaimed the astonished questioner, nearly jumping sky-high. 'What on all the earth did you want with a dog?' 'Why, to eat the chop, you d—d fool,' replied his friend."

The Duchess of Connaught's Story.

The Duchess of Connaught gave him a story, too. "'I'll tell you what happened to the Duke and myself coming up here. At every station where the train stopped a porter came to our carriage with a foot-warmer, and at last the Duke got so annoyed that, forgetting that the same thing had occurred all down the line, he said to the man: 'Go away; I've told you three or four times already that I won't have a foot-warmer.' 'Ach, Duke darlin', don't be angry,' answered the porter. 'Sure, an' it's stone cold.'"—To be continued, in Lord Rossmore's book.



MRS. WARING.

Photo, Dover Street Studios.

"My father's first wife was 'Lady' Anne Douglas Hamilton, the only child of James Duke of Hamilton and a lovely lady who lived with him as his wife. I have always understood that the lady was an actress when she first met and fascinated the Duke, and she must have been a beautiful creature, judging from her picture. She was a most interesting and charming person, and when the Duke died she married Major Scott Waring, whom she long outlived, for her age was well over a hundred when she passed away."

From "Things I Can Tell," by Lord Rossmore,—by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Eveleigh Nash.



LADY ROSSMORE.

"I think the loveliest woman I have ever set eyes on (my wife, of course, excepted) was Mrs. Cornwallis-West." From "Things I Can Tell," by Lord Rossmore,—by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

in black buckskin, and the other in brown; the buckskin shall come from the foot to the middle of the thigh, and the tops shall be of cloth. . . . I wore the black jodpores down at Elvedon.

\* "Things I Can Tell." By Lord Rossmore. (Eveleigh Nash; 10s. 6d. net.)

## THE NEST OF THE GAOL-BIRD!



THE VICAR'S WIFE (*inquiring after black sheep*): And how is your son doing since he went to New York?

HODGE (*whose son has written to him from the famous New York prison*): 'E's gone on to China, apparently, Mum. 'E writes to me from Sing-Sing.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



## A Novel in a Nutshell \*

## THE EQUALISERS.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

IT was eleven o'clock upon a fine June morning when, after just a month's absence, I called upon Melita. Bees were humming, a cuckoo was proving himself in excellent form, and innumerable pleasant summer things were happening.

At my knock, Melita's head appeared at the parlour window.

"Aunt Tavistock," she said, "is sitting on the verandah."

I said that I was glad that I wasn't the verandah. Aunt Tavistock weighs fifteen stone. Melita, being her ward, lives with her. If Aunt Tavistock hadn't approved of me, more or less—but, generally speaking, less—I shouldn't have found myself Melita's fiancé, Melita's age being a mere nineteen. But it was she, and not Aunt Tavistock, whom I had called at Syringa Villa to see.

Melita held out her hand, and remarked that I was looking brown.

"I want—" I began determinedly.

Melita shut the window, and appeared at the door. I kissed her.

"Don't—don't be so primitive," she said. "Come indoors, and talk sensibly."

We entered the parlour, where all the furniture is solid mahogany of the Victorian age.

"Teddy," said Melita, "I've something to tell you—I've become an Equaliser."

"A what?" I cried.

"An Equaliser. It's something like a Suffragette, only more so, and the movement's spreading everywhere. We hold that, in all ordinary matters, men and women should be capable of doing the same work—that there's no real reason why a man shouldn't be able to relieve his wife in the house, or his wife take over his duties at the bank or office. Our chief axiom is that a woman isn't justified in uniting herself to a man who can't do what she's been trained to do herself. So you see—"

"I don't," I said.

The colour in Melita's cheek deepened a little.

"I don't want to seem horrid, but—can you cook?"

"An egg," I said, speaking carefully, "should be boiled for three minutes and a half. To make tea, put one teaspoonful for each person, and one for the pot. Recipe for French toast: Butter one side of the bread, brown the other, and serve hot."

"Housework? Washing?"

"Twice lately I've swept up my own cigarette-ash, and—" A fresh thought struck me. "What does Aunt Tavistock say to all this?"

"We have discussed the matter, and although she did not entirely agree with me at first, she is now quite—quite—of my opinion. You'd better come and see her."

We went through the house to the verandah and Aunt Tavistock. Her speech is always refreshingly to the point, and she conveys an air of profound wisdom. From this, one would naturally expect her to be an extremely silly woman. But I don't think she is. We shook hands, and I laid some stress on the temperature.

"Don't talk to me about the weather!" snapped Aunt Tavistock. "You and Melita have been arguing in the other room. Now you're at a deadlock"—(Melita shook her head indignantly)—"and I'm not surprised. You see the force of my niece's attitude?"

I murmured something about "natural spheres."

"Natural fiddlesticks! Melita puts the matter in a nutshell when she says that those in the same boat should be able to pull at the same oars. Melita herself is taking daily lessons in commercial routine from Professor Sympkins. If, instead of an absurdly large private income, you had a profession, you'd better be able to appreciate her progress."

"And in the meantime—?"

"You can't expect her to marry you until you're capable of looking after yourself—of cooking, washing, and so forth: until, in short, you've proved your equality with the opposite sex."

I groaned. Anyone regarding Melita as she stood there, inflexibly adorable and adorably inflexible, would have understood why.

"But—"

"Shoo!" said Aunt Tavistock, as one dismissing an obtrusive chicken from her garden. "Take the young man into the orchard, Melita, and argue the point with him there. Remember that the Professor comes at twelve. Good-bye!"

I followed Melita into the orchard. We argued. I went home. The sun had gone in, the cuckoo had ceased work for the morning, and the world looked jaded and dusty and out-of-joint.

At the gate I encountered the Professor—an old-young man with classical features and a dyed moustache. I hated him.

Melita and I had one more argument, followed by a final appeal on my part to Aunt Tavistock. Both argument and appeal left

matters where they were before. Melita couldn't and wouldn't think of marrying a man who depended upon her, or a hireling, for the minor comforts of existence. There were moments when I had visions of her yielding, but in the end the Chief Axiom got the upper hand, and kept it.

"When you can prove yourself competent," said Melita, "things may return to their old footing. I'm dreadfully sorry if I hurt you, but at present we must be friends—just friends."

Aunt Tavistock leaned from her chair as I re-passed the verandah.

"If you *should* happen to possess such a thing as an empty cottage to experiment in, and thought it worth while, there are worse things than the Simple Life in June," she hinted.

I went home to think it over. The cottage existed. It was four miles from anywhere, and had been unoccupied for the past month. There was a certain amount of fishing in the neighbourhood, and golf links within walking distance. And I wanted a holiday. Why shouldn't I experiment?

"Good-bye," I wrote to Melita, and added nothing but the new address.

By the first post on the following day came a bulky package. It contained a new seven-and-sixpenny copy of "Mrs. Bultitude's Book of Home Management." There was no note—nothing but my name, in Aunt Tavistock's crabbed writing, on the title-page.

Four days later marked the beginning of my sojourn at Pingham Parva.

"Yew Cottage"—there is no yew within five hundred yards of it—stands at the end of Blinker's Lane, which is just wide enough to admit a tradesman's cart, and has the additional charm of being flooded with every summer storm, and of being converted into a quagmire for the better part of every winter. A steady rain was falling when I arrived at the station ("Peplow, for Uffage and Pingham Parva"), and the cab-horse, an aged and prudent beast, declined to enter the lane at all, so that the end of my journey was made on foot. The cottage stands on the slope of the hill, and is surrounded by Farmer Garraby's ten-acre field. Ten pounds' worth of furniture had already been installed by a local firm, and a supply of groceries accompanied me in the cab.

Water was coming in steadily through the kitchen ceiling, via the floor above, when I entered. I consulted Mrs. Bultitude, but she had nothing whatever to say concerning imperfectly thatched roofs. A hard, ill-directed hour's work followed. The fire wouldn't burn, and the lamp—a patent safety affair, warranted to go out with any amount of smoke in any position not absolutely vertical—smelt abominably. At somewhere about midnight, after a supper of two hard-boiled eggs (all my uncooked ones had been smashed in transit), I retired. The bed being hopelessly damp, I occupied a chair which the Pingham Furnishing Company, with a fine sense of irony, had ticketed "luxurious." Daylight came at last and brought relief.

Man is an adaptable animal, and one grows inured to hardships. To these great truths I attribute the fact that I survived my first week at Yew Cottage. "The Book of Home Management" was extraordinarily comprehensive. If I wanted information as to the duties of a second-footman, or a pattern for a baby's bonnet, or a menu for a Sunday-school treat, it rose to the occasion nobly. But it was rather as a door-stop (its weight was just over six pounds) that its greatness really appealed to me.

Time passed. I learnt things. I acquired the elemental art of buying my own provisions, taking them home, and cooking them. I washed my own floors. I gained a reputation for eccentricity which brought two reporters and a sanitary inspector on the scene. I fought several wordy duels with my neighbour, the farmer, and discovered in his dog a thief of the most expert and unscrupulous type.

I wrote several non-committal letters to Melita, but from her I had only one. In it she stated that her studies were progressing magnificently; also that the Equalisers were gaining in numbers, and that Aunt Tavistock had invited a local contingent to tea in the garden.

"What a pity it is that you've done nothing which qualifies you to join them," concluded Melita piously.

I smiled. That night I wrote to Syringa Villa. The reply came two days later. Aunt Tavistock acknowledged receipt of my urgent invitation. She was unused to travelling, and the train service was scandalous, but if I cared to be at Peplow Station on Wednesday morning to meet the two-fifty-one—

Then it was that Farmer Garraby, absorbed in some obscure agricultural rite with a pitch-fork at the lower end of his field, beheld his nearest neighbour performing an impromptu dance of triumph on the cottage doorstep.

[Continued overleaf.]

THE INNOCENT CUT OFF.



UNREGENERATE EMPLOYER: Do you smoke?

APPLICANT FOR CLERKSHIP: No, Sir.

UNREGENERATE EMPLOYER: Drink?

APPLICANT FOR CLERKSHIP: No, Sir!!

UNREGENERATE EMPLOYER: Frequent—ah—places of entertainment?

APPLICANT FOR CLERKSHIP: No, Sir!!!

UNREGENERATE EMPLOYER: Admirable, admirable—but it would be criminal to subject such a moral tone as yours to association with one of my low type. Good-day.



FIRST FRIEND OF VICTIM (quite casually): Well, ole Bill's day's work's done. Comin' out o' The Crown, I s'pose, when it 'appened?

SECOND FRIEND OF VICTIM: No, 'e wasn't. Don't I keep tellin' yer 'e was just crossin' to The Crown.

FIRST FRIEND OF VICTIM: Wot! 'e 'adn't been in then! Lor', 'ow 'orrible!

DRAWINGS BY HOPK READ.

Wednesday came. From a second-class compartment of the two-fifty-one Aunt Tavistock, followed by Melita, emerged. I led the way to where the cab—the only available vehicle—was waiting. An ominous pause followed.

"And how far am I expected to travel in *that*?" It was Aunt Tavistock who asked the question.

"About four miles."

"Never!" said Aunt Tavistock.

The cabman, whose feelings had been wounded, suggested that she might borrow the station-master's aeroplane.

"Or walk," I hinted.

"Walk!" gasped Aunt Tavistock.

Melita glanced at me helplessly.

"From where I am standing," said Aunt Tavistock, "I can distinguish a chemist's shop and a confectioner's. I shall buy some nux vomica and some digestive tablets, and then I shall have some tea. The next train to town leaves, I am told, at something past six. If in the interval you and Melita care to go on a tour of inspection——"

I caught Melita's eye.

"Do!" I pleaded.

We climbed into the antiquated cab, and dashed at a reckless clatter from the station-yard.

We talked, but our conversation was severely practical. One can't discuss pamphlets, and the Cause, and the apathy of the Press, and be sentimental at the same time. I didn't try. At the entrance to the lane we climbed out, arranged for the man to call for us again, and made our way to the cottage.

I had left its interior immaculate. Now it had every appearance of having been occupied by a party of madmen. The lattice window had been burst open and smashed, and the table overthrown. Fragments of what had been intended for a High Tea for Three Persons (*vide* Mrs. Bultitude) were everywhere. Muddled footmarks crossed and recrossed my once-spotless floor, while Garraby's dog, lumbering into the middle distance with his tail between his legs, explained their origin.

"Oh!" said Melita.

I stammered explanations.

"But—but where's the housekeeper?"

"There isn't one."

"Your maid, then?"

"There isn't a maid, either. I've been doing the work of the place myself."

They were fateful words. My tones were finely nonchalant, but I'd visions of Melita falling, with a gasp of astonishment, into my arms—of innumerable splendid possibilities. She slowly extracted two hat-pins, and smiled faintly.

"How interesting! Of course, you'll be able to show me how it's all done," she said, and sat down to watch.

The day was warm, even for late June, but a little chill ran down my spine. Yet I loved Melita. There seemed no way out of it.

"I'll begin with the floor," I said, and went for a pail and flannel.

Pingham Parva is not favoured with a water-supply. There is only a pump, and one has to pump hard to get any water at all. I was far too warm to suffer from spinal chills by the time I returned to the parlour. Melita sat on a Windsor chair, swinging her feet and criticising

"There's a corner you've missed. And the angle by the door."

"Thanks. Do you prefer eggs boiled or fried?"

"Fried, please," said Melita. I had feared as much.

I relaid the meal in the kitchen, as being more convenient. A cup smashed with a good deal of unnecessary litter, and the fire went out while I was gathering up the pieces.

"I expect the coal's damp," said Melita consolingly. "What fun you must have all alone by yourself here!"

"Oh, rather!" I said. "I've run short of wood. Do you mind waiting while I chop a little?"

Melita didn't. The only one who objected was the hatchet. After ten minutes' futile search for it I used the bread-knife. The fire burnt up splendidly.

"But what odd-shaped pieces of wood," commented Melita.

"I do believe you've been using clothes-pegs!"

I admitted it. There was really nothing to be ashamed of. The bread-knife had broken off short. I put on the kettle, and led Melita to the window to show her the beauties of the garden. Presently she turned.

"The kettle's been steaming for quite a long time. I suppose you didn't put it on empty?"

I smiled cheerfully.

"Always do. Warms it first, you know."

"So long as it doesn't leak——" said Melita anxiously. But of course it did leak.

"There's another in the scullery, anyway," I assured her.

My duplicate kettle held a gallon, and didn't fit the grate. I balanced it judiciously, and went in search of the eggs.

"One doesn't usually require egg-cups when the eggs are fried," said Melita gently, when I returned.

"Better be on the safe side. Have you seen the butter?"

"There's something under the easy chair that *might* be butter," said Melita guardedly.

I grovelled, and recovered what had once been half-a-pound of the best Dorset. Garraby's dog is a criminal who does his work thoroughly, and he had licked the pat all over before rolling it into the dustiest angle of the room. Melita's head was tactfully turned when I stood up again.

The fire was still inclined to languish. A sudden inspiration moved me. I dropped the butter in the hottest part.

"Stup—!" began Melita.

She didn't wait to finish the word. A wave of hissing flame shot up. A deluge of soot came down. We leapt beyond the radius of both.

"Merely an experiment. Of course, one doesn't burn clothes-pegs and butter every day of the week. Did you say tea or coffee?"

"Coffee, please."

The kettle burst into song. I removed it, and substituted the frying-pan.

"Wouldn't it be as well to put in a little dripping or something?" hinted Melita.

I found a jar of dripping. The contents came out more easily than I expected.

"One hates to appear interfering," said Melita, "but it looks rather a——"

The dripping caught fire.

The eggs, deftly cracked, were already in the basin. I dashed to the fireplace with it in my hand. The pan tilted sideways; the eggs, with two deliberate "plops," vanished into the heart of the fire. There were no more. The bag had dropped as I was bringing it from the larder.

Melita observed that it was getting rather late.

"You might wait until the coffee's made," I said.

The water was boiled again. We chatted almost gaily while I made the coffee. Melita offered to clear it while I fetched the bread. I came back, to find her, coffee-pot in hand, looking puzzled.

"I suppose you were thinking of something else," she said; "but it smells—it smells like a thousand seed-cakes!"

I snatched up the tin—one of a row I had bought and labelled myself.

"You're quite right—it does. And as I can't recommend a beverage brewed from caraway-seeds——"

"There's the hot milk, anyway," said Melita kindly.

As I turned, the milk boiled over, and the fire went out again.

"There's the bread," said Melita, still more kindly.

I cut two slices, and then my thumb. Melita bound it up skilfully.

"What you need," she said, busy with the fastening, "is a housekeeper."

"Most of my neighbours," I admitted, "would agree with you. Except that they would delete the beginning of the last word. Of course, I can never ask you here again——"

She produced and opened a small wicker-basket which had accompanied her in the cab. From it she took a small methylated-spirit stove, a kettle with a folding handle, and other things. In less than five minutes she had the kettle filled and boiling. In five more she had made three slices of toast and buttered them from the contents of an enamelled tin.

"Emergency rations!" said Melita, and then, "Did you think I didn't know what was happening down here? But, of course, you weren't to know that Dick Garraby is engaged to my cousin, were you? His last two or three letters—she sent them on—have been delightfully entertaining. Another cup of tea? I'm sorry the equipment doesn't include a slop-basin."

It was a delirious little meal. When it was over, Melita washed up. A clock struck while the basket was being repacked.

"Half-past five! The cabman——"

"He can't drive beyond the end of the lane, and the train doesn't leave till nearly seven. Of course, I don't want to detain you if——"

"It's been a privilege," said Melita courteously, "to see how a man can adapt himself to his surroundings."

"The surroundings will be abandoned next week. One of Garraby's men wants the cottage, and unless you'd like to study book-keeping here——"

"I've given it up"—Melita spoke quite casually: "Double-entry is loathsome, and the Professor uses scent."

"But, surely, as an active Equaliser——"

"Blow the Equalisers!" said Melita.

I walked to the further side of the table. But she wouldn't look at me.

"Melita, perhaps if you'd give me a little extra tuition——"

"Do you mean that you want someone to—to look after you?"

"Yes," I said, and took her in my arms. Melita's last audible statement was that we'd both been donkeys, but that I'd been the bigger one. I did not trouble to contradict her.

We drove back to the station, and found Aunt Tavistock waiting on the platform. She regardedly us fixedly for a space, and then sniffed. If Aunt Tavistock had been a man, that sniff would have been a wink. She is a far-sighted woman.

We still possess "Mrs. Bultitude's Book of Home Management." If that excellent lady would write a reliable companion volume—one small enough to be carried for frequent reference—on the Management of Women, I fancy it would have an even larger circulation.

THE END.



# ON THE LINKS

GOLF AT A HUNDRED IN THE SHADE: BRITISH PERSEVERANCE AND AMERICAN SPORTSMANSHIP.

## The Blazing Championship.

It may seem to be a little late in the day to be discussing the American Amateur Championship any more, but there is sufficient excuse in the fact that nobody who sends his despatch across the Atlantic in a ship can discuss it any earlier, for even at this moment when I write, within a few yards of the first tee of the Chicago Golf Club at Wheaton, the extraordinary tournament is not yet finished, and my notes will be mailed a couple of hours before the semi-final round is completed. An extraordinary tournament it has certainly been. This championship ought to go down into history as the "Blazing Championship"; and much as Americans are used to heat-waves of a very high-class kind, I think it stands a good chance of doing so, for some of the leading American players have told me that never in their lives have they played the game under such conditions, and would not have done so now but for the unwritten law that one must never be in golf what is called in the American term, "a quitter," that is, one who gives up the game while he is able to stand up to his ball and play it somehow. All through the Championship week the temperature has been hovering round about a hundred in the shade. On one day it touched a hundred-and-four. That is about ten degrees hotter than the hottest day of our own great heat spell last summer, and it is not only that, but there is the additional aggravating fact that the atmosphere is heavily charged with moisture, and the result is that it is oppressive in the extreme.

## Personal Experience.

I wanted to play the Wheaton round while I was here, and, thinking to dodge the worst effects of the sun, I arranged with another in like case to rise from our beds at 6.30 a.m. on the day before that on which I write, and, attired in nothing but thin flannel trousers and gauze shirts, we teed up a few minutes later. Heavens! How sorry I was for the men who would be playing in the Championship in the middle of that day! Before we reached the turn at eight o'clock, it was even then boiling hot, and by the time we had got to the end of the round our scanty clothing was as wet with perspiration as if it had been thrown into a bath full of water. That was the day when the heat overcame Mr. Norman Hunter and enforced his retirement from the championship when he was getting along very well in the third round. Mr. Hilton, as everybody knows, was defeated two days before in the first round. That on a majority of occasions the Hoylake player could give two or three strokes at least to

Mr. Waldo, who beat him, I am quite certain, but the young American, playing in spectacles, being of slight build, and going about his game in a very quiet and almost nervous sort of way, and looking not anything like a great golfer, or even a moderately great one, played the game of his life. The strain on him was such that, as

soon as it was all over, he declared fervently that he hoped he would never have to go through it again. Mr. Hilton played splendidly during the middle part of the second round, and when he got his man down to two, with five to go, I began to believe that he would save the situation. But he played one or two wild second shots after that, and it was a sad mistake when he plopped his ball into the bunker guarding the green at the sixteenth hole—a short one. Except for the period I have mentioned, he did not play his real game that day, or anything like it. No matter how much he tried, he could not keep his tee shots straight. Twice he pulled out of bounds, but most frequently his fault was slicing. Undoubtedly the intense heat was mainly responsible; he said himself that he could not stand it any more. But many people thought also that he was a little unwise in playing with a new driver made in America, that was appreciably heavier in the head than the one to which he was accustomed, the latter having suddenly become defective.



A HIGH TEE IN OXFORD STREET: GOLF ON A LONDON ROOF.

An enterprising firm in Oxford Street have fitted up a small practice-ground for golf on the roof of their premises. The photograph shows a pupil receiving instruction.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

## Mr. Hunter's Pluck.

As to Mr. Hunter, it was very clear to us afterwards that he had no business to keep on playing as long as he did; yet even when he was in the doctor's hands he would have gone out and finished his match against Mr. Warren Wood if absolute compulsion had not been brought to bear upon him. At that time he had had no food for nearly two days. Like many others, he found it impossible to eat under such conditions

as prevailed. In other ways he was so much upset by the heat that he was extremely weak and ill, but he disguised the fact as much as possible, and made a splendid exhibition of real British pluck and dogged determination, playing—and playing well, too, mind you—until he nearly dropped. No doubt he felt that, in a certain way, British credit was at stake, and well did he maintain it. The Americans were full of admiration and sympathy for him. The native golfers are infinitely better sportsmen and are imbued with far



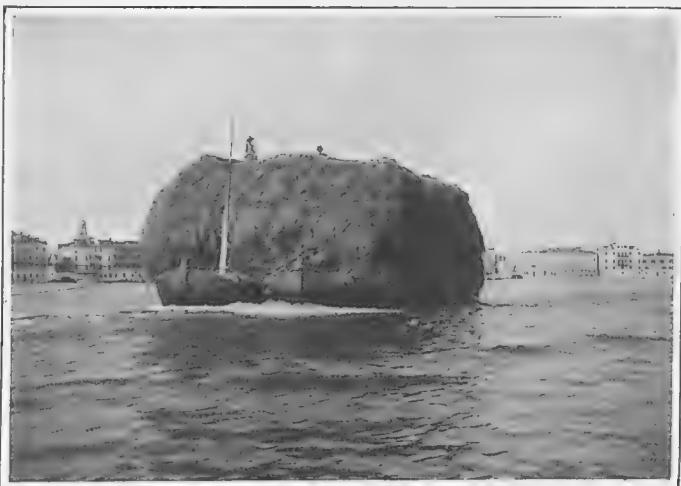
A CLUB-HOUSE IN ALDWYCH: THE GOLF-COURSE SCENE IN "THE GREAT JOHN GANTON."

The scene of the Second Act of "The Great John Ganton," at the Aldwych, is laid outside the club-house of the famous golf-course near Chicago. The rugged old millionaire is defied by his son, who refuses to give up the girl he loves. From left to right are Mr. George Fawcett as John Ganton, Mr. Eric Maturin as his son, Will Ganton, Miss Laura Cowie as May Kating, Mr. Frank Collins as Browning, and Miss Mabel Trevor as Mrs. Wilton.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

more of the best spirit of the game than they have been given credit for. They are as good as need be. At the time of his collapse Mr. Hunter was playing well—better than he had done all the time. If he could have kept up, I think he would have come very near to winning the Championship.

HENRY LEACH.

✠      ✠      OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!      ✠      ✠



AN OBJECT-LESSON FOR ENGLISH FARMERS IN A WET SEASON:  
HAY-CARRYING ON THE CANALS OF VENICE.

After their experiences this summer, English farmers, especially those in the neighbourhood of Norwich and Huntingdon, would do well to provide themselves with barges for carrying hay, and otherwise study Venetian methods of agriculture. One advantage, however, the Venetian farmers possess, which some of their British confrères lacked during the past harvest season—they do have here and there a patch or two of dry land.—[*Photograph by C. Chichester.*]



PROPITIATING THE PROTECTRESS OF THE EDIBLE BIRDS' NEST  
INDUSTRY: OFFERINGS TO NJAI LORO RIDOEL IN JAVA.

The hut on the left is known as the bedroom of Njai Loro Ridoel, goddess of the Indian Ocean, and protectress of those who gather edible birds' nests on the steep cliffs of Southern Java. The woman has just placed on the altar an offering of sweets, flowers, and fruits. On the right is an image of Garuda, the bird that Loro Ridoel is supposed to ride. Behind it are cases containing thousands of birds' nests.



THE DEAUVILLE STEP: HANS AND GRETA GOING  
FOR A BATHE.

Hans and Greta, who are at present entertaining their human cousins at the Palladium, may be said to represent the last word in simian education. Hans is a steady old gentleman, while Greta is the spirit of mischief. Our photographs show them off the stage, enjoying the pleasures of villégiature.

*Photographs by Campbell Gray.*



THE MOTORING MANNER: STARTING THE CAR FOR A TRIP  
IN THE COUNTRY.



NEW WORK FOR THOMAS ATKINS: "RED" SENTRIES MOUNTING  
GUARD OVER A "BLUE" AEROPLANE CAPTURED IN THE MANŒUVRES.

During the recent Army Manœuvres in East Anglia, in which the new air scouts played an important part, two belonging to the Blue, or defending, force were captured by a detachment of the 18th Hussars, of the Red army, near Newmarket. Our photograph shows Red sentries guarding a captured aeroplane.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*



PATRONISED BY THE DUSKY ARISTOCRACY: THE FIRST PHOTO-  
GRAPHIC STUDIO IN THE BELGIAN CONGO.

An enterprising Englishman, Mr. H. W. Davies, has established what is, no doubt, the first photographic studio in the Belgian Congo, near Elizabethville. It is said to be much patronised by the local chiefs. The premises, though not perhaps quite as palatial as those of some photographers we know, are certainly picturesque.—[*Photograph by H. J. Shephstone.*]



THE CAR, THE TRACK, AND THE DRIVING FORCE: TYRES, ROADS, AND PETROL.

### The Economy of Michelin Twin Tyres.

must and does make for tyre-wear, augmented by the effect of the height and overhang of the body, which exerts a cross-rolling effect upon the covers. Owners of such luxurious vehicles must find their tyre-bills heavy even for them, and, this being so, I am surprised to find that so few of these big cars—Double Landauettes, Limousines, and Pullman Limousines—are fitted with Michelin twin-tyres, of course on Michelin detachable rims. I am given to understand that big-car owners on the other side of the Channel have discovered the wonderful economy attained by employing these twin tyres on heavy cars, so that their use there is increasing rapidly. The ultra-big single tyre does not wear up to its additional cost, but I am assured that Michelin twin tyres of the right diameters for the load carried make for a saving of from thirty to fifty per cent. over singles of similar alleged load-carrying capacities.

### The Road Board and Their Mandate.

Motorists who are mulcted threepence in every gallon of petrol they use will, I am sure, endorse every word of the attack on the Road Board made last week by the motor correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*. I should like to see this writer's opinions re-echoed by all motor journalists who can speak from the

Motor-car bodies are daily growing in dimensions and comfort; the man of means, to say nothing of the lady, will not be denied internal luxury, the weight notwithstanding. Of course, this

only a part of the cost. The poor councils, who should get the most, get nothing.

### Further Tyre Economy.

Very little consideration is ever given to the weakening of tyre-fabric by the fact of the weight of the car being sustained in a stationary period for shorter or longer periods. The stress is imposed and the weight delivered to the ground at one point, and the fabric, which is the life of the tyre, must then suffer by the continuous dead strain,

sometimes obtaining for weeks when cars are stored. And yet owners when garaging their cars for weeks, or even months, never think to insist upon their being blocked up so that all four wheels are off the ground. Were this done, the long-suffering tyres could be relieved in another sense, by deflation, and it is quite easily done by having four wooden blocks cut to the right height for the axles to rest upon. I wonder Bibendum has never made a point of this.



A COUSIN OF THE KING OF ITALY READY TO FLY: THE COUNT OF TURIN IN AN AEROPLANE. The Count of Turin (Prince Vittorio) is one of the few 'princes of the blood royal' who have tried the new form of locomotion. He is a brother of the Duke of Aosta, and second son of the late Duke, who was the King of Italy's uncle. The Count was born at Turin in 1870, and is now Major-General commanding the 7th Brigade of Cavalry.

Photograph by Charles Trampus.

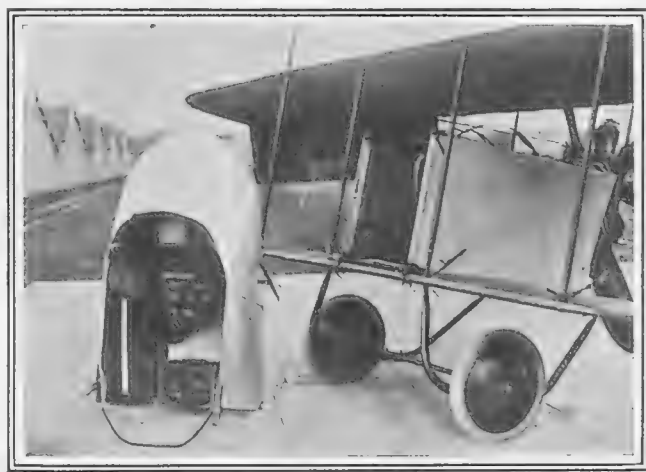
### The A.A. and the Petrol Question.

By a communication lately issued to the members of the A.A. and M.U., it would appear that that body contemplate making use of their huge organisation to develop a scheme for the co-operative purchase and sale of petrol. Each member has been asked, in the event of the Association being in a position to secure a supply of petrol, delivered at a price not exceeding 1s. 2d. per gallon, including the present tax of 3d. per gallon, what average number of gallons he would be prepared to contract for during



WITH THE PILOT'S CABIN BEING ATTACHED: THE NEW FARMAN.

THE latest improvement in the biplane of the Henri Farman type is a detachable pilot's cabin, which can be put on and taken off the machine as desired. The new device is very convenient for transport purposes, as it makes it possible, of course, for the aeroplane to be more easily packed. Another feature of this machine is the cylinder wheels.



WITH THE PILOT'S CABIN DETACHED: THE LATEST FARMAN BIPLANE.

Photographs by Topical.

TO FACILITATE PACKING: A DETACHABLE PILOT'S CABIN ON THE HENRI FARMAN BIPLANE.

columns of influential papers. Mr. Owen quotes the views of three years ago of the Chancellor of the Exchequer: "The roads are too narrow, corners are too frequent and too sharp; high hedges have their danger, and the old metalling, admirably suited as it was to the old form of traction, is utterly unfitted to the motor-car. The general public and motorists alike are crying out for something to be done, and we propose to make a real start." In what way and where has the Road Board moved to widen, straighten, and re-surface roads, except by making grants to rich road authorities who could afford to take work of the kind in hand? And then

the next three years, irrespective of any competitive prices which may prevail. According to figures given in the *Autocar* of 14th inst., the Association now numbers over 55,000 members. Presuming an average 3000 miles per member per annum at twenty miles per gallon, this would mean a yearly consumption of 8,250,000 gallons. Quite a big drop to play with. But should such a scheme materialise, I fancy the retail trade would combine to refuse to sell any petrol under any circumstances to members of the A.A. As it is, the trade is already protesting through the columns of the Press.

## THE "MULTI-EST" MILLIONAIRES: AMERICA'S MONEY LORDS.



CEMENTING CANADIAN LOYALTY: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT CHATTING WITH FARMERS ON THE LINE AT ALLAN, NEAR SASKATOON.

During his tour across Canada the Duke of Connaught has made himself very popular by his unassuming affability. On Thursday, Sept. 19, the Duke and Duchess arrived at Vancouver, where they had an enthusiastic welcome. The royal party reached Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, on Sept. 2. While the train made a brief halt near Saskatoon a farmer and his family came up to catch a glimpse of the Duke. His Royal Highness chatted with them and learnt that the farmer came from England ten years back, and is doing splendidly in Canada.—(Photograph by G.N.)

"ONE hundred years hence, when I look down from the sky," said Cecil Rhodes, "I shall find that this little planet has passed into the hands of a Hebrew financier." He forgot America and her money lords. It is they who make the money; it remains to be seen whether they can hold it with the tenacity of the Oriental. Of course, there is a considerable mixture of Hebraic blood in the veins of some Wall Street stalwarts, but the men at the very top confess and call themselves Christians. And they have been telling once more the story of their wealth. A London contemporary has been setting forth the figures, and we find fewer than a half-score of men credited with over £600,000,000.

### Peers of Plutocracy.

Here are some of the figures from this startling piece of valuation: Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, £200,000,000; Mr. Andrew Carnegie, £100,000,000; Mr. J. P. Morgan, £100,000,000; Mr. William Rockefeller, £50,000,000; Mr. G. F. Baker, £50,000,000; Mr. J. B. Duke, £40,000,000; Mr. J. Stillman, £40,000,000; Mr. H. C. Frick, £30,000,000; Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, £30,000,000. And there are scores of others in the United States counting their gains in millions who do not come into an account into which only the names of the financial peerage are admitted. One surprising fact stands out from this list. Poor Mr. Carnegie, wedded to the policy of fortune-dispersal, finds himself richer than ever. He quitted the steel-making business with a fortune estimated at between forty and fifty millions sterling, and he has given away colossal sums, but, in spite of all his efforts, he finds that his gains outrun his benefactions. How did these fortunes originate? Oil has first place, steel second, high finance third. But the third includes the first and the second, for the Morgan interests, to which the concerns of the others are all, more or less, closely allied, extend to practically world-wide ramifications. Steamships and railways account for prodigious sums of the total. Real estate, in the case of the Vanderbilt millions, though it stands for least to-day in the list, is probably the safest foundation of all on which to base an uncrowned dynasty. It is mainly New York property from which the Vanderbilt fortunes are derived, and as there is no other place on earth where they know so well how to realise a fortune from a few square yards of land, by means of enormously rented sky-scrapers of illimitable floors and tenants, as in New York, there is nothing to prevent this family from continuing to pile wealth upon wealth, when the natural resources from which some of the other fortunes are at present derived have ceased to yield as now they do.

### Carnegie and Rockefeller.

It is not without significance that two of the men of biggest fortune, Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Frick, his old partner in the steel trade, are now both out of business. They left their money to breed, and it breeds in increasing ratio. Neither can grow poorer without minimising his invested capital; the mere compound interest of the sum now out provides each with a new fortune every year, more than he can spend. The Rockefeller millions smell of the mineral oil. Their possessor began life as a farm-boy, passing from the farm into a Cleveland office at a few shillings per week. He was "polite, modest, humble, and thrifty," and at nineteen set up, in partnership with his brother William, without stock, as agents on commission. Oil, discovered ten years earlier, was one of the things in which they first speculated, and in five years they were able to form a company with a capital of £200,000. Within forty years he was able to bestow ten millions sterling on educational objects in America, but he could not get a certain religious body to accept his £25,000. They did not like the way they said the money had been made.

### The Morgan Group and Others.

There is scarcely an industry in America which has not contributed to the fortune of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. If there were a proposal to float the United States as a limited liability company he would be the man to whom one would turn—and he would raise the capital somehow. He has carried through the biggest deals in the way of company-promoting ever known in the history of finance, and he it was, we all remember, who made great part of our mercantile marine American. Men fear J. P. M. as they fear all giants, but he is probably the most highly respected man that ever dealt in colossal sums. Mr. G. F. Baker, who stands for a cool fifty millions, is one of the "Morgan group," with a reputation for big and daring deals in Wall Street. Mr. Stillman has a thousand interests—banking, cotton, fifty railway directorships and industrial corporations. His soundness and steadiness made him, the other year, president of the New York Clearing House. Tobacco is the big item in Mr. Duke's fortune. His family has for two generations ruled the destinies of smokers, but the Duke business began, within the time of men still living, in a little stable in Virginia, whence one of the family set off to hawk the tobacco which the others had grown and cured.



A LEADER OF THE WOMEN OF ULSTER: MRS. CRAIG, WIFE OF CAPTAIN CRAIG, M.P., IN HER HOME AT CRAIGAVON.

Mrs. Craig, who married Captain James Craig, M.P., the well-known Unionist leader, in 1905, was Miss Cecil Mary Tupper, only child of Sir Daniel A. A. Tupper, of Doric House, Bath, formerly Assistant Comptroller in the Lord Chamberlain's Office. At Craigavon, Captain and Mrs. Craig's beautiful home near Belfast, Sir Edward Carson recently announced the terms of the Ulster Covenant. Many important Unionist gatherings have been held there.

Photograph by L.N.A.



MINISTERS AT MANOEUVRES: THE INVENTOR OF TERRITORIALS WITH HIS SUCCESSOR AND MR. JOHN BURNS.

From left to right are seen Mr. John Burns, President of the Local Government Board, Colonel Seely, Secretary for War, and the Lord Chancellor (Lord Haldane), ex-Secretary for War. During the Manoeuvres Mr. Burns marched fourteen miles with the 4th Division to Saffron Walden. He has been travelling about East Anglia inquiring into flood damage, workhouses, and rural housing. Colonel Seely received the King at Cambridge and attended him during the Manoeuvres. The Lord Chancellor met his Majesty near Little Abington

Photograph by G.P.U.



# WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## The Illusion of Pleasure.

Was it not Nietzsche who said that the two great narcotics of the modern world were religion and music? Mr. H. G. Wells, in the new monument of observation which he calls "Marriage," declares the whole of our complicated, elaborate, pleasure-seeking Western life to be in the nature of a hypnotic. Everywhere he sees people going on futile journeys, playing foolish games, killing beasts and birds, eagerly buying from the artist the embodied expression of his joy and freedom, taking part in elaborate ritual, covering themselves with sumptuous clothing and with glittering trinkets, frantically competing for place, power, and title. And for what? The whole of these efforts, he would have it, are made in order that the modern man and woman "should be able to remain reasonably contented with the world as it is." These "systemised distractions" give a feeling of temporary security. When the lamps are ablaze and the festal garlands are hung we do not see the sinister darkness outside. All this is true, but it does not indicate that the rich are any happier for their riches, nor that the poor are not, on the whole, extraordinarily cheerful and courageous. I am quite sure, for instance, that Francis of Assisi enjoyed more splendid ecstasies as a bare-footed friar than when he lived a life of riotous pleasure in the city of his youth. The moralist, in short, is apt to ignore the intimate, concealed joys of the humble and the inarticulate.

## Science and Romance.

Perhaps the worst thing that can be said against the telephone—and a good many hard things are being said nowadays—is that it has effectually and for ever done away with mystery and romance. In Victorian times, before the advent of this disturbing little instrument, lovers, for instance, held communication by means of letters. And to write to a young man was an eminently audacious, almost a compromising, proceeding, so that Young Persons were compelled to eat their hearts out in silence instead of, as they do to-day, expediting a picture post-card to ascertain the whereabouts of the beloved object, or simply "ringing him up." In most of the Victorian novels we have read, the suppressed letter plays its inevitable part, so that heroines have died of vague diseases such as brain-fever or "decline" simply because they had no news of the object of their passion, and had no means of finding his whereabouts. With the advent of the telephone-book, a number, and a simple "Hallo!" the whole aspect of a civilisation is changed. There is nothing audacious or compromising about an invitation to tea by telephone, and there can be no mysteries and misunderstandings when all the aggrieved lover has to do is to put his mouth to a vulcanite receiver and demand to be "put on" to the beloved's number. So the novelists will be hard put to it to invent a reason for misunderstandings, separations, and the breaking off of love-affairs. Now that everyone is in touch, even a distant journey

is no excuse for silence since oblivious individuals can be "got at," even on ship-board, by Marconigram. In truth, the shrinking of the world has proved fatal to Romance of the old-fashioned kind. It is "up to" Science to invent the new.

## Man and Gossip.

It has long been known that it is Man, not Woman, who is most addicted to Gossip—at any rate, in those strata of Society in which Pall Mall Clubs play a prominent part. And the same surprising psychological fact obtains in America, as an ingenuous American woman has succeeded in finding out after the most patient research. It is true that this lady has discovered that more words are wasted over "Baseball, and Other Sports, including Olympic Games," than over any other topic under high heaven; but "Politics" is easily beaten by "Women on the Stage," which matter is surpassed, in turn, by the engrossing subject of "Women in Private Life." We are a little surprised to note that, in America, "Profanity" occupies so little time, but then a good deal in that line can be said in few words. Poker stories, of course, figure largely in conversation on the other side of the Atlantic, while the Panama Canal, oddly enough, scores but a paltry figure in the list. It is refreshing to find that Men's Fashions are hugely discussed, while the American, it seems, conducts his business without talking about it to any extent, reserving his eloquence for "Common Morality"—whatever that may mean—for "Religion," and for "Newspaper Management and General Literature." It will thus be seen that gossip—for whenever two or three are gathered together to discuss Woman, there the *potin* will flourish—holds first place among menkind over the Atlantic.

## Hilda Trevelyan Talks Welsh.

Since the time of Shakespeare's Fluellen, we Saxons have continued to poke fun at the inhabitants of gallant Little Wales, except when we wanted them to fight or to sing. Not until Miss Hilda Trevelyan triumphantly produced, the other night, "Little Miss Llewelyn," could we realise how charming the Welsh dialect can be, and how even a profusion of "what-efers" and "indeets" may sound pleasing when pronounced, roguishly, by a consummate artist. And anything more charming than this pretty young actress's Gwenny—who "manages" everybody with an ease which is not vouchsafed to young persons in real life—has not been seen on the London stage for years. For she is not so self-conscious as the sempiternal Bunty, nor so coldly critical as the heroines of the Irish Theatre from Dublin. It is strange that all the stage-women who have attracted

us of late have been provincials: Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and Lancashire in the person of the factory-girl of "Hindle Wakes." Of the Londoner and her drawing-room we had had, clearly, a sufficiency; so she and her somewhat ignoble ideals have had to go by the board. The young woman with the outlandish speech is carrying all before her in the fictitious land of the playhouse.



IN LACE AND VELVET: A NEW AUTUMN DESIGN FROM PARIS. The dress is of white lace with a long and very pointed train. The corsage is of black velvet divided in two at the back and terminating in two tassels of passementerie.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH"—CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 9.*

## THE STOCK MARKETS.

**D**URING the past week the markets have been quieter, but the undertone remains confident and no changes of great importance have taken place. Peruvian issues continue to be bought, and Metropolitans have been a centre of interest. The price was rushed up very quickly, and a bout of profit-taking has caused the price to react from the best; but the bulls are very confident. All sorts of rumours are current to account for the rise, but none are confirmed. The most probable of these is the statement that the Great Western wish to obtain control. It is well known that the latter Company hold a large block of Metropolitan shares, and the control of this line would enable them to do away with Westbourne Park Station, thus clearing the entrance to Paddington, and enabling them greatly to increase their suburban traffic.

Yankee Rails displayed more life at the end of the week, chiefly owing to bullish talk by some of the railway magnates on the other side; but we are doubtful whether any sustained rise will take place until political and monetary conditions are more settled.

Among Mines, Kaffirs have made an irregular showing, but Diamond shares have again been bought. The demand for all descriptions of stones still continues, and the producing Companies are all doing well. We think Robert Victors offer the greatest scope for improvement in this section.

Among Miscellaneous issues, the interest taken in Breweries continues to expand, and prices are considerably higher, especially in the case of Guinness stock. Nitrates have also come in for a good deal of attention.

## THE SAN PAULO RAILWAY.

The announcement of the San Paulo dividend for the first six months of the current year did not occasion much interest in the market, as the shareholders have received 13 per cent. per annum for some years, and the improvement shown by the present figures is nothing very remarkable. For some time past the Market has been full of rumours of coming competition, and we believe there is little doubt that these are correct. We understand that the Brazil Railway intends to build an extension of the Sorocabana line to Santos, and that a complete survey has already been made without revealing any difficulties. Such a line would undoubtedly prove a very serious rival to the San Paulo line, as the bulk of its traffic has first to pass over the systems controlled by the Brazil Railway, and the latter would have little difficulty in diverting a large part of it towards the new line. The San Paulo directors refused an offer for their property a few years ago, as they did not consider the price offered sufficient, but it now looks as though they would be well advised to come to terms with the Brazil Railway Company, who would probably prefer to pay a good price rather than build an entirely new line.

## THE CHINESE LOAN.

The offering of £500,000 Chinese Treasury bills in the market on Wednesday last finally settled the rumours which have been flying about lately with regard to China's loan, and proved conclusively that the new group are in earnest. China, it seems, is determined to borrow how and where she likes, and it is impossible not to sympathise to some extent. On the other hand, a loan raised in spite of opposition from our own Foreign Office and those of other European Governments cannot expect to be received as well as one issued with their sanction. The Bills offered last week were only short-dated ones, being repayable in six months, and offer holders a return of about 5 1-8 per cent. What the next move will be it is difficult to say, but the position is distinctly interesting. A 5 per cent. loan is said to be definitely completed—namely, ten millions, at the price of 89, and Messrs. Birch, Crisp and Co. are to place it at 95. If this turns out to be correct and the deal goes through, it will indeed be a triumph for British private enterprise, and, apparently, rather a lucrative triumph too.

## MAIKOP VICTORY.

We have more than once expressed the opinion that the Maikop Victory Company is one of the best—or rather, one of the least bad—of the Maikop group, and the report which has just been issued is fairly encouraging. The output was 74,700 tons, which were sold at a profit of £49,330: a final dividend of 6d. per share is declared on the Ordinary shares, and the Deferred get 1s. 6d. per share. The weakness of the Report, however, lies in the amount allocated to depreciation—namely, £6932—which is ridiculously inadequate in view of the amount at which the properties stand in the balance-sheet—namely, £144,325. The production has been falling off of late, as the chairman admitted at the meeting, but he suggested that this state of affairs would only be temporary. If, as seems probable, the output is increased again before long, the shares should go higher than their present price of 11s. 6d.; but in our opinion they are very speculative, and it must not be forgotten that they carry a liability of 5s.

## GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

We have several times recommended the junior Preference issues of the Great Central Railway as a speculative lock-up, and the following résumé of the position may therefore be of interest. The most speculative stocks are, of course, the 1891 and 1894 issues, which, it will be remembered, received the full 4 per cent. and ½ per cent. actual, respectively, last year. For the first half of the current year, none of the issues junior to that of 1874 received a dividend; but traffics have been making so good a showing since July that it seems quite possible that all down to, and including, the 1889 issue will receive their year's dividend in full.

For the first half of the current year the net decrease was £118,635, but, owing to the increase of interest charges payable for Harbour works—amounting, apparently, to some £38,000—there was a decrease of £156,000 in the dividend distribution and carry-forward. It is reasonable to suppose that the same sum will be required for these interest charges in the current half-year and, therefore, to pay the same dividends as last year, it will be necessary to show a net gain by Dec. 31 of about £194,000 over last year's figures.

Gross traffics from July 1 to Sept. 15 show an increase of £115,700. At the present rate of advance, therefore, an increase in gross traffics of about £250,000 or £260,000 is all that can be looked for. If 40 per cent.—that is to say, £100,000, of this is retained as net profit, the directors would be able to pay all dividends down to the 1889 issue, and have something in hand.

In the above figures no allowance has been made for any change in working costs. In the ordinary way we should look for a reduction in this item, but in view of the higher cost of coal and the expense of the Insurance Act, it is probable that the figures will, if anything, be higher. From this it will be seen that the immediate outlook for the two junior issues is not the attraction; but the system is making excellent progress, the traffics from the new dock at Immingham are fulfilling expectations, and the suburban traffic is improving, and we shall be very surprised if both the 1891 and 1894 Preference do not stand considerably higher in twelve months' time.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

In most of the markets there is a certain amount of business going on, though, perhaps, not as much as there was a month ago, when we all expected to be slack, but, to our agreeable surprise, found that we were just the opposite. Quite a fair proportion is afoot in the investment markets; while as for the speculative parts, orders come rather fitfully, and there is not much definite lead given to the average in-and-out operator.

Midland Deferred is on the rise because of the comparatively low price at which it stands, and the fact that, if the dividend for the corresponding period last year be maintained, the year's distribution will be 3½ per cent., making the return on the money 5 per cent. at 70. For a Home Railway stock standing at this figure, the yield is not at all bad; but so many people ask nowadays whether it is right or not to buy Home Rails that the average broker is a little chary about putting his client into this market, lest his advice should end in disappointment to all parties concerned—except the transferors of the stocks. At the same time, there is plenty of scope for gambling, even in Home Rails. Little Chatham's will continue to be a favourite counter so long as the future is "wropt in myst'ry." Outside circles talk about the stock doubling its price before the end of the year; and, while dismissing such fanciful estimates as beyond the bounds of practical politics, I still think there is plenty of scope for a modest advance, say, of three or four points.

Underground Electric Railway Ordinary £10 shares at 4½ do not look dear, in view of the remarkable strides being made by the London General Omnibus Company and by the Tube Railways in the District group. Of course, they stand no chance of a dividend for some time to come; but, like most of the things which Speyers touch, they will probably go better by steady degrees. In fact, I think the 6 per cent. Income Bonds at 92 are well worth picking up by the investor, for they will most likely get at least 4 per cent. next time, and possibly the full 6 a year hence—the coupons being paid, it may be observed, free of income tax, which is an added attraction. Great Central Preferred does not look a bad gamble about 31. You get a lot of stock for comparatively little money, and the man who will buy it and sit on it should make a good deal out of it if he has patience. Your banker will take up stuff like this, lending money up to something like 15 per cent. of the market value, the margin depending to some extent upon what sort of a customer you are. The horror of borrowing from a bank such as used to obsess our fathers and grandfathers has completely vanished in these modern times, when it is the man who lends the money rather than the borrower upon whom the obligation is supposed to rest.

There is a good time coming, they tell me, in the Yankee Market, and I am prepared to believe it. All the rhetorical spouting with reference to Trusts and so forth must be looked upon as merely election froth, and it must not be taken seriously. There was no fiercer Trust-buster in the United States than ex-President Roosevelt; and, lo! after he assumed office he became mild as a lamb upon an amateurish demonstration in Wall Street of how Trust denunciation could shake credit and upset the nerves of people. Did the Yankees regard the present ebullition of eloquence as anything more than ephemeral, we should not see American Rails standing where they do. So I would pin my faith to Unions, Steel Common, and Atchison, with Eries thrown in by way of a gamble to add piquancy to the dish. Canadas will go better, too; though maybe it is well not to build hopes too high upon the expectation of what may happen at the forthcoming meeting. These gatherings are not, as a rule, bull points, although the anticipation of them invariably is a lever used to raise the price of Canadas. So, ye happy holders, don't worry if the immediate result of the meeting is to cause your stock to give way a little. Hang on tight, and you will see 300 all in good time.

By-the-way, talking about gambles, have you noticed the Common

[Continued on page 390.]

## THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

### Back to Work and Play.

Next week will see this woman about town once more. There is always a kind of exhilaration about returning to London, who welcomes with her unconquerable optimism her habitués who have been away for a bit. London is always cheerful even if Londoners are not. There are the autumn-season shop-windows, themselves a pleasure to us women, to say nothing of the further joys of purchasing autumn clothes and hats. There are new plays to see at the theatres, experiences of the holiday-time to tell and to hear, the feeling that once more we are close to the hub of the Universe, in touch with all happenings, great and small. What the autumn season in town may be like we must wait and see. The autumn session promises to be exciting, and no one can deny that between politics and social life there is much in common. Some political stability and confidence would be a great help to a socially bright season. We cannot have this, but some possibility of it in the near future would be a help, and of this hope tells a promising tale.

### Adequate Prizes for Golf.

Much enjoyment has been given throughout the holidays by golf competitions on private and on public links, prizes having been given by people who had enjoyed and were enjoying their own golf. For single afternoon competitions quite small prizes are sufficient for thirty ladies to have a very pleasant game. I have played in many such and have been delighted to receive a prize worth something like a pound. Many of those given have been worth two, three, and four pounds, but those of smaller value are quite all that is necessary to afford keen



A SINGER AT THE PIANO: MISS JOSEPHINE LA BARTE, WHO HAS BEEN APPEARING WITH MUCH SUCCESS BEFORE "A SCRAPE O' THE PEN," AT THE COMEDY.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

that is, bright for men: claret and violet, and blue and drab. It will be quite nice, and probably will goad women into a big change, too, for it were bad to be outdone in fashions by the men. I hear on excellent authority that one or two men-about-town, who fancy themselves on the score of their taste in dress and personal appearance, have been purchasing whiskers of differing style and length for the purpose of private full-dress rehearsal. Tailors are also, I am told, acting under instructions from these gentlemen in modelling coats which may introduce the new-old style not too startlingly.

Slim figures and waist-lines are necessary for setting off the new modes, so men will have to resort to diet and corsets. This being so, I fancy there will be fewer beaux than there are now belles!

**The Scottish Season.** This will be extended until well into October. The King and Queen will be at Balmoral until the second week in next month. As a rule, the Northern Meeting and Perth races finish up the shooting season, but it will not be so this year. The weather is now lovely, and sport once more enjoyable. Partridges in many places in the South will afford little or no sport because of the floods. There is never much social life in London before the middle of October, and this year it may be even a little later. Lord and Lady Lovat had a large party at Beaufort Castle last week for the Northern Meeting at Inverness. The Countess of Derby, with her only daughter and elder son, were there; also Lord and Lady Howick, Lady Beatrice Cecil (who went up from Abergeldie Castle), Mr. Bernard Howard of Glossop, the Hon. Diana Lister (Lady Lovat's sister), and Captain Maxwell Scott. There was a very successful bazaar the previous week in aid of the local golf club. The Duke and Duchess of Portland have had Lady Helen Grosvenor, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Graham, Lord Algernon and the Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox and several other guests staying with them at Langwell. The Marquess and Marchioness of Stafford have been at Loch Choire Lodge, which belongs to the only



TO MARRY MISS RIDDIFORD ON OCTOBER 2: DR. A. F. HERTZ.



TO MARRY DR. A. F. HERTZ ON OCTOBER 2: MISS RIDDIFORD.

The wedding of Miss Riddiford, of 16, Granville Place, Portman Square, and Dr. A. F. Hertz, of Weymouth Street, W., is to take place on the second of next month.—Miss Bessie Agnes (Betty) Laird is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Laird, and niece of Mr. W. Stovin Laird-MacGregor, of Miramar, Eastbourne.—Captain Charles Braithwaite Wallis, of the Reserve of Officers, late of the Cameronians, his Majesty's Consul-General at Dakar, is the son of Mr. Charles W. Wallis, barrister-at-law, and grandson of the late Mr. E. Edmonds, J.P., D.L., of Berryfield, Bradfield, Wilts.—[Photographs by Langflier and Swaine.]



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN CHARLES B. WALLIS: MISS BESSIE LAIRD.



ENGAGED TO MISS BESSIE LAIRD: CAPTAIN CHARLES B. WALLIS.

pleasure to the players, and cause real gratitude to the presenter of them. It is, however, injudicious to give prizes costing only a few shillings—meretricious often, and pretentious always—for match play which lasts three and four days. It is well either to show prizes to the club secretary and captain, and have their opinion as to what is the best play for them, or to exhibit them with the entry-list, and then people can do as they like. Inadequate prizes do not make for the popularity of their givers or for the satisfaction of the winners.

### "The Captain with His Whiskers."

Is this hero of early Victorian novel-ettes who was said in song to take a sly glance at pretty girls to revisit the world of fashion? Why not? We women are beginning to stand still in our modes; from year to year there is little change in our long, straight lines. Why should not the men have a turn, and the exquisites of the 'sixties become, with a difference, those of the early twentieth century? A difference there is sure to be, as there always is in revived fashions. It is said that the new dandies will wear, in addition to whiskers, bright colours for coats—

deer-forest the Duke of Sutherland has kept in his own hands, and is beautifully situated and very remote among the mountains. It is the Duke's favourite lodge, and the sport is excellent. Lady Stafford is a good shot (I do not know if she stalks) and a skilled angler; and so she is the

constant companion of her husband. She has a tiny Pekinese dog, to which she is greatly devoted and which seems to flourish in wild and solitary surroundings. The Marquess and Marchioness of Zetland are at Letterewe, in Ross-shire, where they were last week joined by the Earl and Countess of Ronaldshay. Lord Zetland purchased Letterewe and Fisherfield forests, some fifty thousand acres, from Mrs. Banks. The Earl and Countess of Mansfield are entertaining a party at Scone Palace this week for the Perth races. The Earl of Leven and Melville, one of our tallest young noblemen, and best *partis*, has a number of friends at Glenferness, his place in Nairnshire, and has had, and is having, fine shooting on the celebrated Dava Moors, which he rents from Moray, and shoots in addition to his own Glenferness shootings, which are very extensive.



ENGAGED TO MR. ARTHUR LE ROSSIGNOL: MISS MURIEL TUKE. Miss Tuke is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Tuke, of Oakwood Court. Mr. Le Rossignol is the younger son of the late Mr. Alfred Le Rossignol, of Buenos Ayres.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF PEMBROKE: LADY MURIEL HERBERT. Lady Muriel Katherine Herbert was born in 1883. Her elder sister, Lady Beatrix, married Captain Neville R. Wilkinson, Ulster King of Arms, in 1903.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.

*Continued from page 388.]*

shares of the Columbia Gas and Electric Company, a market in which was recently started at about 17 for the 100-dollar share? The stock is just water, the same as that in many of the public utility companies which have proved so successful in Canada, the United States, Mexico, Brazil, and elsewhere. The Columbia concern operates over a big district in West Virginia and Kentucky, with a wide field for extension and with its receipts rapidly expanding. The shares will probably go to 25, and even this price may not stop them when the Company gets into a yet fuller stride of prosperity. Of course, you would not think of putting the widows' and orphans' money into such things, but for your own it might be worth while for the employment of capital whose probable appreciation ought to make up for want of a dividend for some time to come.

One moves a little cautiously in the Shipping Market now. The bounding prosperity of 1912 is magnificent, but it is a little too close to the dismal days of 1908 for the investor to place all his confidence and all his money in ships just at present. There will be some thumping dividends, of course; the question is, Have these been discounted? Personally, I am optimist enough to think they have not, and that there is a further run for the buyer's money in Cunards, Furness, and Royal Mail and Royal Mail new. There has been a gap in the buying of late, and one would have expected this lull to bring out shares. That the Market should have remained so steady, all things considered, is a fact which carries some significance.

Like a few hints on Rubber? With (or without) your kind and courteous permission, permit me to offer you a few.

Kepitaggallas are amongst the cheapest shares in the Market, provided you will wait for two or three months. The price of the £1 share fully paid is about 17s., and it is going over a guinea.

Of the two stable companions, Bukit Sembawang and Singapore United, the latter is not far away from its first dividend, which will probably be 6 per cent. The price is 2s. to 2s. 3d.

The Bukit Sembawang may not be quite so far advanced, but its rubber is coming along well enough to make it likely that in time it will surpass Singapore United. The price is 1s. 9d. to 2s.

There are whispers in good quarters of a "deal" on in Pelepah Valleys, the present price of which is about 4s. for the fully paid florin share. Apart from what may be the outcome of the rumoured deal, the Company is making steady headway, and in a better market the chance of the nimble niner profit is good.

If you buy these things, it is infinitely better to take them up than to contango them. And should your broker report at the buying-in day that the transfers have not been delivered to him, ask the broker to take steps to get either the deeds, or a "backwardation" which will help towards reduction of the expenses on the deal.

And, lastly, don't you worry yourself if raw rubber goes down a farthing or a ha'penny. That's all part of the game, and it will be rectified later.

Moreover, my dear brethren, and in conclusion, if you require any further information regarding the Rubber Market, please apply to the City Editor of *The Sketch*, or to THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### GUAYAQUIL AND QUITO.

General Playa, the new President of Ecuador, has started his régime in a manner most gratifying to those interested in the future of the country, and more especially those interested in Guayaquil and Quito bonds. After the regularity with which remittances had been coming forward all the year, the default of the August payment was very disappointing. One of the first things that the new President did was to telegraph to the Council of Foreign Bondholders saying that he would put the matter right as soon as possible. On Friday he fulfilled his promise, and £10,500 was shipped to Europe.

It is to be hoped that this will be the last of the troubles and that the September remittance will, in due course, be forthcoming. In any event, however, it must not be forgotten that the fortnightly payments have in each case been more than is necessary for the current service and redemption of the bonds. If the remittances are continued, as we expect, the payment of a coupon on the First Mortgage bonds before the end of November may be anticipated.

Saturday, Sept. 21, 1912.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

JUTA (South Africa).—You should have no difficulty in getting the interest you require. We suggest the following: (1) Midland Preferred Ordinary at 60; (2) Mappin and Webb Debentures at 101; (3) Brompton and Kensington Electric Light Preference at 7 5-8; (4) City of Auckland Bonds, which yield over 4½ per cent. You could arrange with your bank to collect the dividends. We have written you.

J. W. M.—We have answered you by post.

WORRY.—Beheras will probably advance again soon with the rest of Egyptian securities. £57, not £40, was the highest touched in 1905. Five per cent. was paid in 1908, which has gradually been increased to 12 per cent. for 1912. The Copper shares look cheap, but working costs are high, and very little information is made public. We think you had better leave them to insiders.

TORSY.—It all depends on your position. If you can afford it the gamble looks promising, but it isn't an investment for a poor woman.

SPEC (Norfolk).—See this week's Note on Great Central Railway; or perhaps International Railways of South America Common, at about 26, would suit you if you want a gamble.

# Harrods

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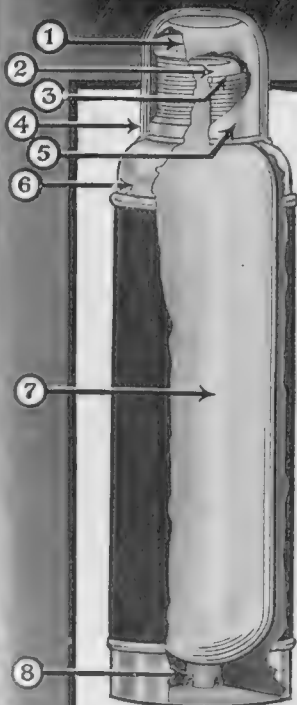
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£1000 INSURANCE. See page b.

## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Ayr Races without Aeroplanes; Miss Hilda Trevelyan; Wooden Legs in the service of Hoppers; "The Girl in the Taxi," at the Lyric; Miss Violet Vanbrugh; the Nations and their Recreations in an Alpine Village; the Box Trick.

## The Autotherm Vacuum Flask



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The AUTOTHERM FLASK is not an attempt to imitate older and less perfect makes, but a triumph in construction and efficiency—the most hygienic, and as superior to its rivals as the modern locomotive is to the early steam-engine. It is also the **cheapest** as well as the **best**.

#### A FEW POINTS OF SUPERIORITY IN THE AUTOTHERM.

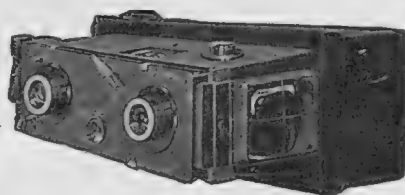
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## STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHY



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### VERASCOPE

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Although the Verascope is a stereoscopic camera, it is no larger than a pair of field-glasses, and can easily be carried in the pocket. Prices range from £7 10s. upwards.

For the young enthusiastic photographer there is a cheaper model named the GLYPHOSCOPE, built on the same plan as the Verascope, and sold at 35s. complete with slides.

We have just issued a New List No. 4.

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MADE IN ENGLAND  
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The name is stamped on every loop. Be sure it's there. Look for the guarantee label attached to each pair.

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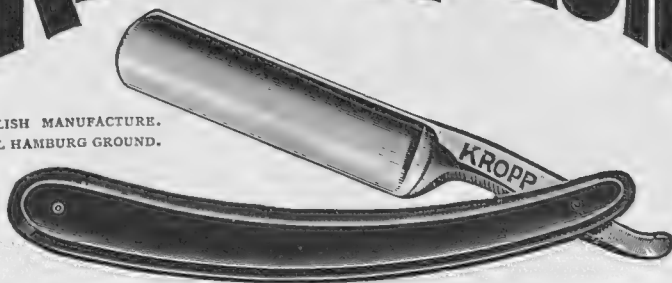
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ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.  
REAL HAMBURG GROUND.



Never Requires Grinding.

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*Belfast Dry*  
**Ginger Ale**

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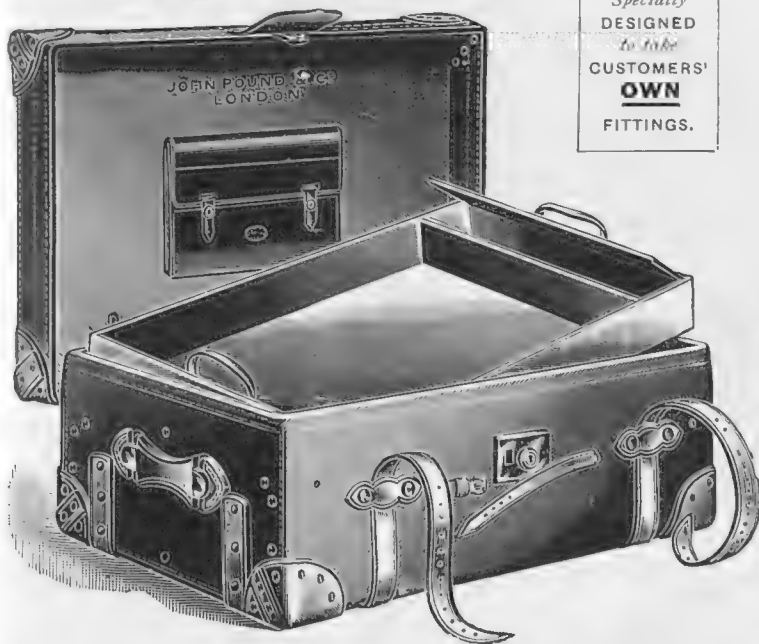
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Specially  
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are, of all glasses of the same power, clearest in definition, most vigorous in stereoscopic effect, and widest in angle of view. Their extraordinary brilliancy renders them unequalled for all sporting purposes; yachting, flying, and for naval and military use.

We will gladly send a 'Dollond' with any other make of Prism Glass for comparison during

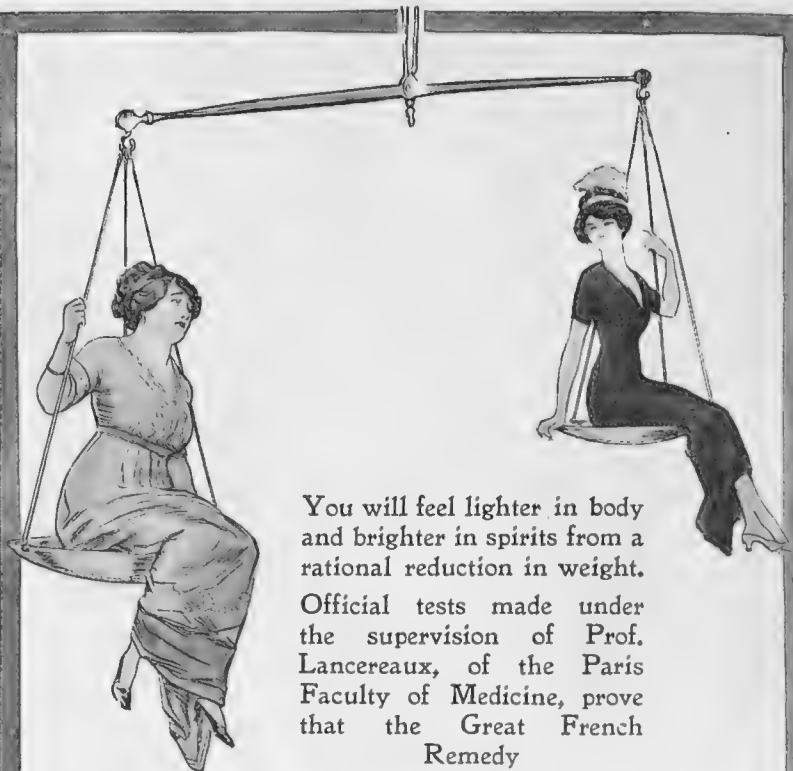
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*The Scientific Obesity Cure*

gives a reduction of eight to ten pounds of fat in one month, without the slightest inconvenience being experienced.

Full particulars are given in a Booklet which will be forwarded gratis from Dr. Deschamp's Laboratories, 59-61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. (And at 7, Rue Jadin, Paris.)

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IT is the duty of every Householder to look to a pure and harmless water supply. Think of your and your children's health. When was your cistern last cleaned out? There is more danger in impure (although clear appearing) water than a good many imagine. A safeguard is found in the use of a

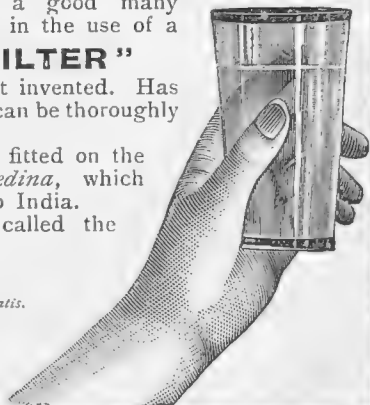
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**for COUGHS, COLDS & BRONCHITIS.**



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Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

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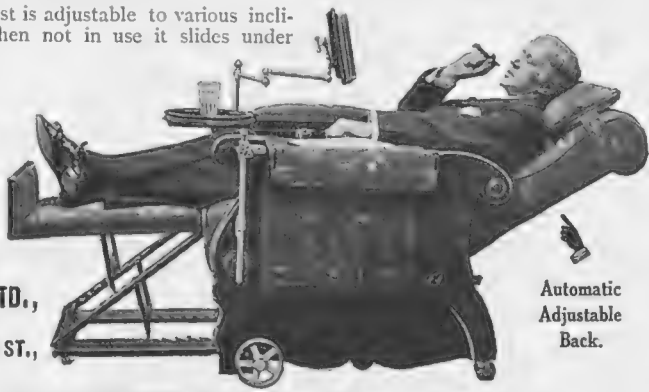
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Automatic  
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For Present Season's wear.

Proofed and stiffened by their own Patent Deep Black Solution which greatly enriches the colour of the felt and at the same time adds immensely to the wearing properties of each hat.

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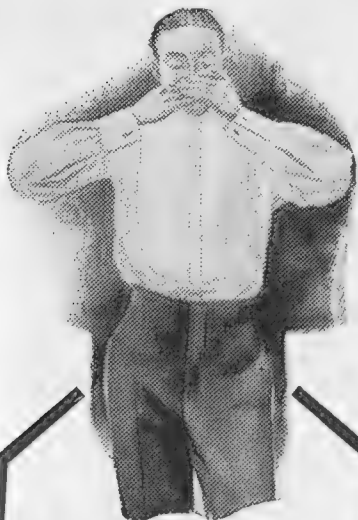
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ELEY BROS., LTD., desire to call the attention of sportsmen to their new cartridge

## THE "LITEMODE"

designed for sportsmen who like to shoot in the greatest comfort.

This Eley speciality gives the **lowest recoil** developed by any effective 12-bore cartridge combined with the **full** standard velocity and with good and regular patterns, the average number of No. 6 pellets fired from a cylinder barrel into the 30-inch circle at 40 yards' range being about 118, which figure **exceeds 40%** of the 1½ oz. charge and is greater than the average number obtained from the ordinary type of cartridge containing that load.

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## FOR THE HAIR.

The Perfumes of Araby cling to this delightful preparation, perfumed as it is with genuine Otto of Roses, thus proving that no expense is spared in its preparation.

It does all it professes to do.

It does help the Hair to grow.

It gives the Hair a beautiful silky gloss

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For Children there is nothing so good.

Use it!

It is made in a Golden Tint for Fair

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Sold in 8/8, 7/-, 10/8 bottles, by Stores, Chemists,

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## How I Permanently and Painlessly Removed my Superfluous Hair.

A SIMPLE, EASY METHOD WHICH ANY LADY CAN USE AT HOME & QUICKLY OBTAIN MARVELLOUS, LASTING RESULTS  
**FULL PARTICULARS FREE.**

I WAS deeply humiliated by a growth of superfluous hair on my face, neck, and arms, which seemed to steadily increase and become more hideous as I grew older. I tried many advertised remedies; but found to my sorrow that if they removed the hair at all, it was for a short time only, and the hairs soon reappeared, stronger and thicker than ever. Even the electric needle was tried upon my skin, and I endured a great deal of pain from its use, but simply met with disappointment. I had spent so much time and money on these various methods that I was in despair and almost ready to give up, thinking that I must suffer for ever from this terrible affliction. It was then that I learned by chance of a plan by which the ladies of Ancient Rome had rid themselves for ever of superfluous hair. With this idea in mind, I began a series of careful experiments in an effort to wrest this hidden secret from the past. At last my efforts were crowned with success, for I discovered a means entirely different from anything I had ever before seen. I used it on my own skin, and it quickly removed all of my superfluous hair without the slightest vestige of pain or discomfort. I was delighted; but feared that some sign of the hair might return. After a few weeks had passed, I noticed that my skin still remained clear, soft, and white, and as the months slipped by, and not the slightest trace of the hated superfluous hair returned, I realised that I had truly

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# Mellin's Food

3 years and 5 months old and has never had a day's illness.

So writes Mr. Golden, Albion House, Cinque Ports St., Rye, Sussex, concerning Master Golden, whose portrait is shown below.

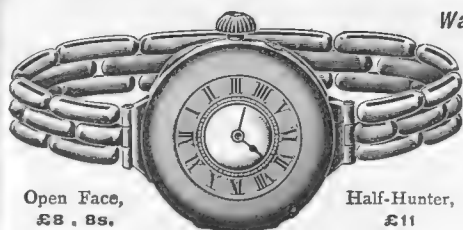
There are no brighter-eyed or happier children than those reared on Mellin's Food. Mellin's contains the right kind of nourishment in proper proportions, and is readily adapted for perfect assimilation from birth.



As in the case of Master Golden, Mellin's has laid the foundation of health, virility and strength for tens of thousands of babies. Start Mellin's now.

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Open Face,  
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Others from £6

Selections sent on approval at our risk and expense.

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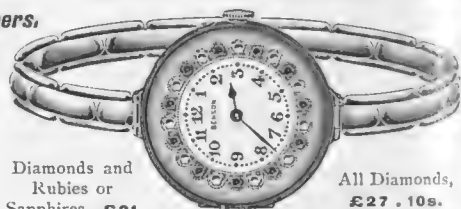
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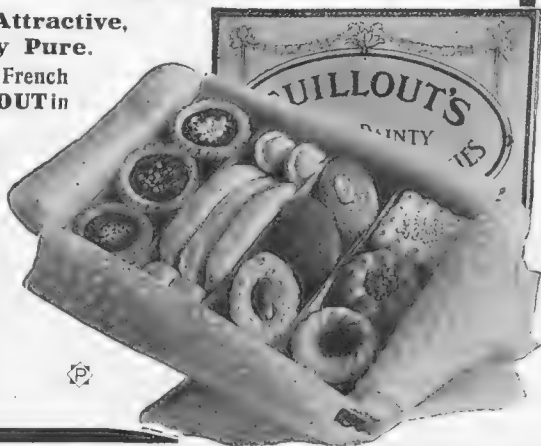
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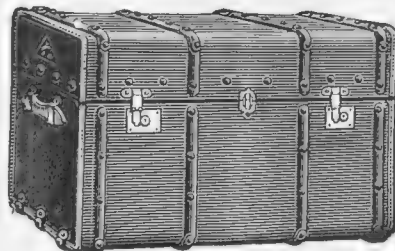
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THE creator of Mark Tapley and Samuel Weller you surely know and love. His books have furnished you with hour after hour of amusement—you quote his characters daily. But do you know Schumann?—as great in music as Dickens in literature—equally strong in his play on the emotions.

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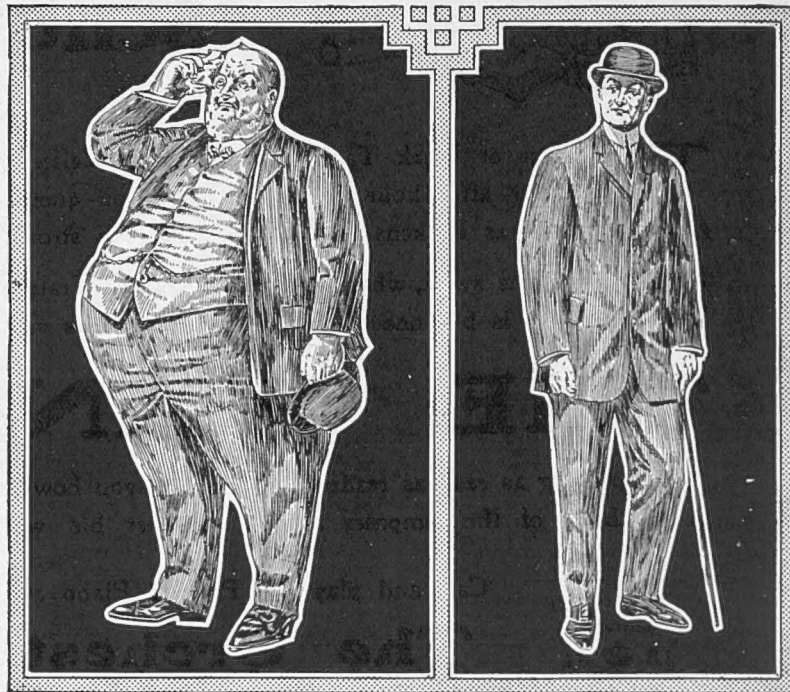
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In an interview accorded upon his return from a long trip, Dr. F. M. Turner, the physician, scientist and traveller, widely known for his scientific researches, and whose writings have brought him international reputation, gave some valuable information to those who were astounded by his loss of more than 100 pounds of excessive fat since they last saw him. They found it difficult, indeed, to recognise in the slender, muscular, and perfectly proportioned form of Dr. Turner to-day the same man who only a few months previously they knew as a semi-invalid, so enormously fat that he could hardly walk.

When questioned concerning his health and the remarkable change in his appearance, Dr. Turner said:

"My discovery came about during my trip, and in this way: When seeking data for some literary work, I found a reference to the manner in which the Japanese were said to easily overcome any tendency to take on superfluous flesh. It was easily apparent from observation that the Japs are comparatively hearty eaters, and that their diet consists largely of rice, the most starchy, and therefore the most fat-forming, of all grains. I had often wondered why, in spite of these facts, the natives of Japan, both men and women, always present such a slender, trim, neat appearance. Although corsets are rare in that country, the women there have beautiful figures that any Englishwoman might well envy, and the Japanese men have strength and powers of endurance that are proverbial. After diligent inquiry about the cause of this, I became more than ever convinced that they were using there in Japan methods of fat-reduction and fat-prevention far in advance of anything known to medical science in this country. As the finding of such a method was a matter of life or death to me at that time, I consulted numerous authorities, and set about asking questions of those who would be likely to know anything about it. I am glad to say that my untiring efforts were finally rewarded by the discovery of a new means of fat-reduction that I determined to give a short trial immediately. I was fairly startled to behold the wonderful change it made in my appearance, and the improvement in my health that was noticeable from the very first. My fat began to vanish at the rate of one pound a day, sometimes more. I knew I had at last discovered the secret that had been vainly sought for years, and I continued the treatment until I had lost more than 100 pounds in weight. I became stronger with every pound I lost, and soon regained all my old-time vigour of body and mind. It made me feel twenty years younger to be rid of all the fat that had formed inside and outside of my body. After discontinuing the treatment and keeping a careful record of my weight for more than two months, I was delighted to find that the reduction was permanent, nor

has my fat shown the slightest tendency to return since then."

Dr. Turner then went on to explain the treatment he discovered, and while anyone must admit that it is a highly logical method and undoubtedly effective to a wonderful degree, yet it is so simple that even a child can understand it and obtain most satisfactory results. Surely, in view of all these proven facts, no stout person need any longer feel that he or she must remain fat now. Lack of space prevents a full description of the entire method here, but Dr. Turner has described it in a handsomely bound and extremely interesting little booklet, entitled, "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds," and by special arrangement with the Doctor we are able to announce that these valuable booklets, while they last, are to be distributed absolutely free to *Sketch* readers who are sufficiently interested to send two penny stamps for postage and packing.

The books are sent in plain wrapping, and we are told that there are only about 1000 of the last edition left. When these are gone the Doctor may not have any more printed, as he says that extensive business and professional interests will demand all his time from now on, and also he may depart on another long trip at any time, so will probably have no time to give the matter personal attention again for several months at least. He therefore will not promise us to send the books to any readers who do not write him immediately. The Doctor's present address is F. M. Turner, c/o the Dr. Turner Co., Dept. 734E., 214, Great Portland Street, London, W., and any requests sent there during the next few days will be given prompt attention. We urgently advise all *Sketch* stout readers to obtain this wonderful book and begin reducing weight immediately, as such a chance as this may never present itself again.

This offer is made for the special benefit of *Sketch* readers, and in order to prove that you are entitled to receive one of the books entirely free of cost, be sure to send the following coupon, or write and mention 734E.

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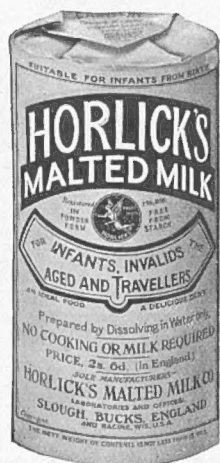
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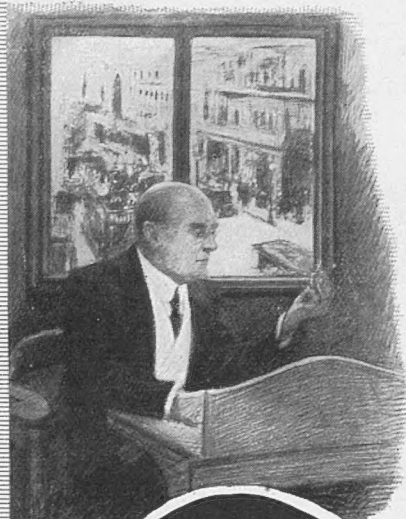
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## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"London  
Lavender."**

By E. V. LUCAS.

(Methuen.)

Lavender only makes an appearance towards the end of the season, as it were, of Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Entertainments." She flowers in a lodging-house of pleasant aspect near Regent's Park. Her papa amuses himself by a series of sketches of the other lodgers, their landlady who was a twin, the "char," and many others of more or less relevant connection. The printed list of them in front of the book is suggestive reading. It includes an orang-outang, an adopted child, a novelist, a politician, a shepherd, a Socialist, and a chimpanzee. These are only a meagre selection. Mr. Lucas grows more Lamblike every day. And he does not misrepresent things when he claims the description of "Entertainments" for his sketches. It would be difficult to select a page which did not contain something witty or wise or delightfully humorous. Whether it be about the origin of jealousy; or the Nonconformist conscience, which dare not eat a lotus for fear of a stomach-ache, so much is the suspicion of happiness in its blood; or the lilt of some hot-blooded old English song like "The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies"; at the "Zoo," among the apes, or with the horses at the Derby—anywhere and everywhere Mr. Lucas finds entertainment for us. "There are so many little things to keep one going," might be his motto. How Lamb would have appreciated that find in a West End bookseller's catalogue, and the accompanying reflection: A Kempis. "Imitation of Christ." Printed on Real Vellum (only ten copies issued). . . . Bound in Cape Levant Morocco Red, tooled in blind design with doublures. £18 18s., net. "There's a first step towards imitating the simple Nazarene!" Mr. Lucas gives us all these good things, and everyone gives of their best to Mr. Lucas. If he only puts his head inside an almshouse, an old woman enlarges beyond the terror of motoring to the sin of flying: "I don't believe it's going to last. For I can't help feeling that there's One above Who won't much longer brook those things getting so near Him."

**"Lamorna."**

By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

(Methuen.)

Lamorna, a poor orphan brought up in a well-to-do London household, is always threatening genius in the form of painting. But in spite of holding the title-rôle of Mrs. Sidgwick's story, the limelight follows persistently her elusive little cousin, Pansy. An elf-like creature whose green eyes shone strangely among the

good-looking British sisters of the house in Onslow Gardens, Pansy was born to inspire anxiety and create trouble. Her engagement to a delightful man scarcely reassured her family, and her generally capricious health induced Lamorna to spend part of an unexpected legacy in taking her abroad. They went on a very pleasant Italian tour—but, not to put too fine a point upon it, Pansy eloped on a three-days' visit to Ravello with a married man. Her return home is very touchingly told, and the arranged marriage took place nevertheless. A villain, who is perhaps the weak point of a well-told story, interferes with their matrimonial life by a revelation of the Ravello incident. And fortunately for the happy ending, Pansy's touching quality of personality befriends her with her conventionally aggrieved husband. Mrs. Sidgwick allows Lamorna and her master-lover many allusions to art which will leave the artist cold. Warmth and passion of any description are not attributes of Lamorna's story, but it is told with the practised hand and flows evenly to the matrimonial "for better or worse," which we are all optimists enough to hope may be for the "better," as we severally use it.

**"The Outposts  
of Eternity."**

By COSMO HAMILTON.

(Hurst and Blackett.)

Among many surprising things with which Mr. Hamilton enforces rather than claims his readers' attention, the most wonderful is, perhaps, the slang. And yet even that may give place to the strange family that uses it. A country gentleman who at Eton and Oxford inspired his associates with a touching faith in his goodness married a woman practically insane, quite evil, and given over to the drug habit. Thenceforward a "jetta" was laid upon Tony Okehampton and all that was his. She was jealous of his honesty and cleanness, therefore she very thoroughly demoralised him; she was jealous of her own daughter's chastity, and nearly succeeded in destroying it. Bankruptcy and drunkenness and dishonour did their worst in the Okehampton family, but it is quite impossible to take them seriously. The two girls, Harry and Dick, with their stage experiences of lovers, motor-rides, and restaurants are immensely entertaining, but no more responsible beings than when they poached for food around the pigsty of their manor-house. Melodrama comes breezily in with Lieutenant Jack Easton, R.N. He is a glorious type, and will be recognised by all but naval officers' wives. The finale is a trifle overpowering in its sentiment. It may be urged that an end had to be made somehow. But Mr. Hamilton is so irresistible in his unregenerate mood that the end must in any case be regretted.

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